Vol. II. BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1889. No. 12.

"Our part is to conspire with the new works of new days."—Emerson.

Social Science and a Rational Religion.

THE NEW IDEAL

A Journal of Constructive Liberal Thought and Applied Ethics.

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THE CONSENSUS OF THE COMPETENT.

FROM recent letters containing renewal subscriptions to THE NEW IDEAL for 1890, we abstract the few sentences which follow. May they prove, to readers, to contributors, and to the editor, a spur to activity more nearly to deserve them:—

"You are doing a work for progressive religion that has never been equaled."

"If I could send THE NEW IDEAL five hundred dollars for its propagandist fund, that would but poorly represent my idea of its value."

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"You may count on me for five subscriptions at $2.00 each, or their equivalent. I will contribute at least the above amount annually."

Some Important Articles that have appeared During 1889.

M. J. SAVAGE, Religious Instruction and the Public Schools; "The People" (Poem); The Coming Civilization.
O. B. FROTHINGHAM, The Need of the Hour; Theory and Conduct; A Word about Agnosticism; History of the Free Religious Association; The F. R. A. and Social Reform; "For the Cause."
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LAURENCE GRONLUND, Prescriptions for Social Ills; Freedom or Liberty; An End to Enforced Idleness; Socialism True and False; Intellectual and Ethical Aspects of Socialism.
REV. DR. McGLYNN, Catholicism and the Public Schools.
COL. T. W. HIGGINSON, Addresses at Convention of the Free Religious Association, The Earth for Man, etc.
WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Individualism.
EDWIN D. MEAD, The Function of the State.
REV. W. D. P. BLISS, Christian Socialism.
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WM. J. POTTER, The New Ideal in Religion; Letter to the Free Religious Convention; What the F. R. A. might Do; Bellamy's Vision.
B. F. UNDERWOOD, Social Conditions and Tendencies.
F. E. ABBOT, PH.D., Creative Liberalism; The Dependence of Ethics; series of nine papers on The Philosophy of Free Religion.
GEO. H. HADLEY, Science the Best Teacher of Liberalism; What does Liberalism offer the Workingman? A Socialistic Object-Lesson; Industrial Training as a Remedy.
F. M. HOLLAND, Robert Elsmere; The Exile (Song); Lucifer's Umbrella (A Fantasy, in Three Parts); Who Condemned Jesus to Death; Justice and Taxes; A Monument to all Religions; Ring in the Christ that is to be; How to lessen Poverty (in Two Parts); Peter and his Island,—an Allegory.
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JAMES H. WEST, Publisher, 196 Summer St., BOSTON.

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196 SUMMER STREET EXTENSION, BOSTON, MASS.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

TO SUBSCRIBERS TO "REASON."

The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing that subscribers to Reason, *published this year from March to August inclusive at Minneapolis, Minn., will receive* THE NEW IDEAL *to fill out their unexpired term. This arrangement has been made between Mr. West and myself for the purpose of carrying out as far as possible the contract between the publisher and patrons of* Reason, *and Mr. West generously undertakes to furnish his excellent and progressive journal to all who are entitled to receive* Reason.

The subscription price of THE NEW IDEAL *is* $2.00 *per year; subscribers to* Reason *will thus be fully refunded, however much they may regret the cessation of the paper for which they paid.*

From my acquaintance with THE NEW IDEAL *I am satisfied its new readers in the Northwest will give it a cordial reception every month, and I trust that the publisher will find many permanent friends among those who, with myself, would have been gratified if* Reason *had caught the tide in the affairs of human enterprise which leads on to fortune.* *A. S. EDWARDS.*

Minneapolis, Nov. 20, 1889.

EDITORIAL.

GENERAL TOPICS.

"THE other side" is always welcome to representation in our columns, limited only by the limits of space.

"THE CAUSE."

OUR "appeal" in the November paper was not in vain. We did not think that it would altogether fail. Thus "the Cause" will still be represented by THE NEW IDEAL. Not all has been done that was expected and hoped — but time has not yet elapsed for that, perhaps. All *will* be done that was expected and hoped, — for nothing was expected or hoped that was not necessary; and when a periodical is doing the work and meeting the need that its friends rush overwhelmingly to say THE NEW IDEAL is doing and meeting, we are confident that the *greater* work it would do and the *greater* need it would meet will not long be allowed, by those interested in it, to remain a possibility only, but will be helped to become a fact. For a few only of the responses which our call drew out have we room in this issue. They will be found in other places in this paper.

And now for the year 1890, and what it shall bring! May it bring good to man, and a nearer realization of that end for which we strive,— the world's fairer hope, morality's nobler deed, the practical, reigning helpfulness of mankind's New Ideal.

"THE SPIRITUAL AIM OF LIBERALISM."

WE hope to comment, in our next issue, on certain of the important matters touched upon by Mr. Frothingham in his current article,— notably upon his wish that greater prominence might be given, in the columns of THE NEW IDEAL, to the "spiritual aim" of Liberalism. What *is* Liberalism's spiritual aim? Will any of our contributors take this for a theme?

THE SECULAR UNION'S THOUSAND DOLLAR PRIZE MANUAL.

IS THE American Secular Union again taking on power and world-helpfulness? Certainly, under its new president, it is attempting a highly laudable end. Let us help its new, fine endeavor, if we may,— and let some one of the valued contributors to THE NEW IDEAL write such a manual as shall be sure to gain the prize! Among the "Notes" on our last page will be found Mr. Westbrook's proclamation.

TO GROW OR NOT TO GROW.

IT having become known, through certain of our circulars, that we proposed still another enlargement of THE NEW IDEAL, beginning with January, not a little correspondence has come to us *in protest.* "The paper is plenty big enough now." "We cannot afford to miss any of it, and if larger it will be so formidable as to frighten us from any attempt to read it all." "It is now all, and just all, that I can give time to." So the letters come. Only two persons have written in approval of the increase,— and one of these wishes a fund started for making it as big again as it is at present! Until we hear from a greater number we will have to hold the enlargement under consideration. Two extra pages, however, in this issue at least, have been found necessary to accommodate the current list of notable articles.

MR. ABBOT'S PHILOSOPHY.

IT is a noble ending that Dr. Abbot's series of papers reaches, in this issue. Few are competent, perhaps, to

trace with the eye of criticism the symmetry of his logic's scheme; not many, it may be, to use his own words, have "capacity to comprehend and patience to master the argument," as he presents it. But none who will can fail to be, at least reflexively, inspired to new hope and purpose by the lustre of the "eternal and ethereal fire" which the Doctor himself sees, or fail to vow himself anew "a free and loyal Servant of the Divine Ideal," as the beauty of the eternal order calls us on. Sadly life needs dignity; sadly it needs courage and high hope. And whether or not all this that Mr. Abbot has been holding up before us for nearly a year now, in every sense satisfies our thought, it without doubt, as he has presented it, gives new scope to our life's horizon, and bids us for a certainty to know that hidden in the universe's eternal mystery, actively obedient to our search, is answering fulness for every worthy desire of man.

THE MONUMENT TO HORACE SEAVER.

Doubtless some, perhaps many, of the readers of The New Ideal have already subscribed to the fund for the erection of the proposed monument to Horace Seaver, the late editor of the *Investigator*. For over fifty years Mr. Seaver was one of the most prominent of the ultra advocates of free religion and free speech in America. Some enduring memorial, certainly, of his steadfast, earnest life in the cause of mental liberty, were but fitting; and inasmuch as the publisher and many of the friends of his paper think a monument the most feasible memorial, many even who never wholly agreed with Mr. Seaver in the methods or extent of his religious radicalism should be glad to help in this testimonial to honesty, faithfulness, and love of man. Any sum for this purpose may be sent direct to the *Investigator* office, Boston. The fund should grow quickly to far beyond its present dimensions.

TWO VIEWS OF LIFE.

After her great good-will in proffering her manuscript for our use, we trust it is neither an unkind nor an ungallant thing that we do in printing, in the same issue with Miss Simmons' fine poem, the verses to which we give the same title that her's bear, and which we call "An Answer." Be it understood that we do not claim equal literary value for the "editorial" lines. If, amid the clank of printing machinery and the whirl of ceaseless business distractions, we could, for the composition of the "Response," have stolen at odd moments the equivalent of two hours instead of one, and spent the fragments of the second hour in remorseless thought-pruning,— giving free reign also to fancy's finer phrase-seeking,— even then, doubtless, we should have fallen far short of the force and melody of Miss Simmons' splendid word-painting! — for, seriously, as many have come to know, Miss Simmons, as a poet, legitimately wears the laurel. Nor are we urging that her idea of life, from one point of view, is not strongly supported by facts. We simply wish to emphasize the truth that such thought as her lines express *is* only "from one point of view." There are other, and, we think, nobler vantage-points. Life is neither all good nor all bad; indeed, good and bad — relative terms only — are probably not at all the words to use in connection with any deep consideration of Life. Life's "good" and life's "bad," in the larger outlook, are both wholly incidental. Life is a *process*. Life is an *opportunity*. "I count life just a stuff to try one's strength on, and educe the man." Around us is Nature — boundless, mighty. A little fragment, a mere particle, of the infinite whole, is this "life," as we call it. To us the fragment seems Great: for we are "in" and "of" it, and it makes up all we know. And it *is* Great. For, thanks to the beneficent unfathomable order of things, the "fragment's" possibilities — Life's possibilities — under the progressive natural forces of the universe — are practically limitless. Therefore life is, truly, in the high, sane view, "largely what we make it." And there is always courage: the Great Mother is on our side.

GROWING INTO FAME.

The editor is having increasingly frequent requests for his photograph,— three in one day recently. Such a fact needs some explanation. Can it mean a growing into fame? The editor, however, never had but one picture taken,— and that was of a friend, in a silver frame, and was taken by a burglar. But seriously, in answer to all such requests as those above noted, for his "picture," the editor is ready to promise that, on the attainment by The New Ideal of its hundredth thousand in circulation, he will have his portrait engraved, and printed on the paper's front cover.

Till then, his numerous and growing list of well-wishers must be content to know him simply as "the shadow of a mighty name."

There is, however, in the above proposition, if one only looks deep enough, great spur to a high and exceedingly laudable endeavor on the part of the quoted friends! *How much* do they want the picture? Without question, the "hundred thousand" might be gained, for such a paper as this. And readers and friends, by active personal endeavor, might, *if they would*, have the coveted portrait within a comparatively short time (that saying, to be sure, being always borne in mind which, as quoted by Matthew Arnold, was spoken by Isaiah of Jerusalem, "Prophets are apt to place the date of coming events too soon").

But what will the friends do about it? Is it not a fair and desirable proposition that is here made?

And what kind of a picture will those who are interested work for and expect to receive? Will they have it,— as they might have it if they had it now,— the portrait of a tireless and ingenuous youthful enthusiast? of an ardent worker, in the ruddy, glowing glory of fresh years and buoyant hope? Or will they wait, and wait, and procrastinate, till the engraved lineaments on which they look shall be, of necessity,— in the nature of things, as time shall fly,— of a grave, gray, withered old man, bowed with long waiting and world-weariness — though eternally, he trusts, shone through by the ever-rejuvenating lustre of a never-old New Ideal!

The editor leaves himself (and his portrait) "in the hands of his friends."

HOLDING BACK.

How many are there in the liberal ranks to-day who recognize the full logical import of the world's modern thought concerning "What is true Religion"? How many are there who recognize that, when a part is gone, out and out honesty demands that much more shall go? *There are very many.* Yet ninety at least, out of every hundred of them,— and, we may almost confidently affirm, ninety-nine out of every hundred,— are "holding back." The universe cries "On!" and pushes on; but men cry Stay.

O Free Religious leaders! O Unitarian leaders! O Universalist leaders! We indeed feel, we indeed *know*, that all religious follies, and all religious falsities, ought to and must be done away with; that all superstition,— every shred of it,— must be set aside from our path forever, before the world of humanity entire shall stand out, clean and inspired, freed from all hamperings of false rest and of false fear, and helped and urged on only by the good, the rightful energies which are all around about us, abundantly, in the universe's upholding and developing forces. We feel and know this. We are confident, we are *sure*, in our own minds, that all the "old fortresses of superstition and darkness" are but "like the weed-grown and gloomy castle, where the sleeping-beauty — Truth — lies

enchanted," and that, in the interests of man, "this castle must be stormed with sunlight." We have learned that underlying every superstition is a conception of disorder, or of undetermined order, and that the discovery of an established order, universal and unvarying, is the death-knell of all superstition.

Yet almost all Liberals wait, and wait, and hesitate, and argue, and continue to deceive themselves,—saying, "Not yet, oh, not yet,—spare us this! allow us to continue to believe in that! Do not take *all* from us! Let us still deem a man—one man—something of a God if not God altogether; something more divine, at any rate, than we are, or than any other man ever was or ever can be! Let us still believe that there is a deity—something of a deity—outside of Nature, or partly outside at any rate,—a deity who can change Nature, or stay her gracious, fixed forces, or check them, bend them, twist them, for our good,—put them utterly to rout, may be, for some exceptionally righteous individual man's prayer! Let us still hold to this and to that and to the other,—for we can not live if you take all this from us!"

In a hundred ways, is not this what a myriad people are to-day saying,—people in the front ranks of the liberal faith even,—people who ought to know better,—people who ought to be more courageous,—people who ought to have more faith in Truth, more trust in the universe, more real rest in the real divinity which is in the universe's every atom! Almost all are ready to go to a certain line,—but there they stay.

Yet know thou, O man, O woman! you are not true to yourself, you are not true to the real deity which dwells in all, you are not true to the Actual, the Divine, which thrills and throbs the One, the Only, the Eternal,—the Progressive Developing Power,—till on the altar of Right and of Progress and of manful courage in the Forces of the World, you are ready to sacrifice all, all even that you hold most dear, in your thought, if only so the Actual may be brought to the knowledge of mankind; if only so the evil and lethargy and wrong of the world, together with all of humanity's wasteful, soul-killing *dependence* on mythical providences and superstitions, may be forever done away with. Know thou,—for you ought to know,—that you may believe in Gods great and gods small, Gods many and Lords many; you may believe in a Divine Saviour in one or in every land on earth; you may believe *or disbelieve* in election, in depravity, in atonements, in hells and heavens, deities and devils, angels and archangels,—and all this never, in any part however distant of the universe, will really "save" you, or give you divine rest and peace. For, what you must believe and hold to is not all this,—no, nor any part of it. You must know *the Truth*, and abide by that, whatever it is. For the Truth, *whatever it is*, is the real life, and makes up the real existence, of the *real* "God"—or Developing Power in Nature. If you have not the Truth, you are worshiping a false God, however true a deity you and the world may deem it, and however much rest and peace you and the world may seem to gather from it.

LIFE.---AN ANSWER.

Oft, when I have walked at dawning by the margin of the sea,
Of the hopefulness of Nature it has sung its song to me.

With a soul tow'rds light determined I have sought its secret word,
And its accents have been music I have elsewhere never heard.

True, the sea itself is "cruel"—never shrinks it back for pain;
But its tide-falls cleanse the continents, its mists bring tender rain.

So throughout the whole of Nature—there is evidence of good,
Bringing progress out of chaos—smiling fields where oceans stood.

And 'tis thus—a meaning finding even in its harshest strife—
That I follow onward cheerly through this wondrous thing called life.

Life! whose *warp* is ceaseless effort, while its *web* is Progress still,
As it was through countless epochs ere the world knew human Will.

Life! the symphony whose harmony would languish into death
If it never knew the discord which brings out its sweeter breath.

Life! the fair and boundless continent, amid whose sunlit ways
We enact heroic dramas, living nobly-eager days.

True, our petty "titles" vanish—but we live not for a "name";
To exist in added world-good were a thousand times the fame!

And we know we cannot act a deed of good or deed of ill
But its ends, accruing ever, through eternities shall thrill.

He who, aching, tills the cornfield, in whatever valley far—
Nobler he in manhood's best than any war-left living scar.

Toiling poet, humble scient, seeking Mother Nature's best—
In the growing good of ages far outweigh they all the rest.

Nobler he than lords of wealth, who in the smart of modern need
Reaches lowly hand of help to bridge the stream of human greed.

So on life's unmeasured rim we nobly act, nor seek return;
While before us, steadfast ever, Hope's eternal torches burn.

And 'tis worth the struggle! . . . Faithless! faithless of our Mother Nature's power
To sit down with dull despairings, and to hopeless wail an hour!

Are not we a part of Nature? Then *to us* the new-age call
The long prayer of years to answer, and on earth bring Peace for all.

Here no room for "floating foam-wreaths wafted down from moon-lit shores":
Here the summons to work desperate while the hot sun deadly pours!

Brothers! know ye not men languish for the help that you can give?
Spend your years in *action*, *action*, that a dead world may new-live.

Let who careless will "pledge wine-cup at the banquet or the rout":
There our place is—to bring joyance to those hungry eyes without.

O the happiness of living, when we claim a lofty work!
'Tis in faithful future Doing that the good of man shall lurk.

Life shall then have Purpose for us—we shall see it is divine;
And in fact, not dreamings longer, will the "flower-wreathed Aidenn" shine.

Not in vain we seek Life's meaning. If we lift our heedful eyes
Voices everywhere enthrall us—the whole universe replies.

James H. West.

GENERAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

BELLAMY'S VISION.

The immense circulation of Mr. Bellamy's book, the wonderful interest it has excited in its hosts of ready readers, are not wholly explained by the literary art of the work, though that is very great, but are evidently to a great extent due to the special attractiveness of the subject at this time. They reveal the fact that a great multitude of people are as eagerly expectant of a social saviour to-day as were the Jews of Judea in the time of Jesus. The agitation of social reforms is in the mental atmosphere of the times. That there *is* a social problem has become manifest to the most callous minds, even though they may affect to believe that it is one easily to be dismissed because human nature and the lapse of time will settle it. But that there is a social problem which *human reason and conscience have got to help to settle* is coming home as never before to earnest and thoughtful souls. This problem having got into the mental and spiritual air which envelops us and which we daily breathe, there is no escaping it. It touches politics and is tangibly shaping legislation. It is impregnating churches with new births of the humanitarian spirit, which is already issuing in activities that give a more vital and

practical meaning to the old precepts of human brotherhood. It follows us to our homes, to our counting-rooms, to our studies, and puts sometimes very searching personal questions to us.

At the bottom, of course, of this problem is the inquiry whether the glaring inequalities of condition which now exist in human society, the great gulfs of difference between the very rich and the very poor, between the educated and the ignorant, between the fortunate and the unfortunate, represent a perfectly just and equitable condition of things: whether, too, however this social situation may have come to pass, something may not now be done very materially to abridge these inequalities and to make the opportunities more alike to all. Has not the time come when not pity nor charity alone is demanded for alleviating the constantly recurring distresses of mankind, but when, by a triple combination of reason, conscience and philanthropy, a new and powerful leverage may be brought to bear to lift all grades of human society up to a higher level and to conditions of more fraternal sympathy and co-operation? Is not the era at hand when, at least, in the domain of the highest civilization, not merely a palliative is to be offered for the social distresses of mankind, but a cure for them is to be discovered and heroically applied? This is the real nature of the social question which a large number of persons to-day are asking themselves and one another. The press is teeming with books on this question, and the journalistic publications which in various ways discuss it are becoming multitudinous. Father McGlynn and his friends, it is true, are ridiculed in some circles of select culture, for their societies and lecture-institutes for "the abolition of poverty"; yet it is some of the largest minded and most ethically earnest souls of the time who are asking in all seriousness whether it must really be that human society is always to have the poor with it. It may be said, in passing, that the high scriptural authority sometimes quoted as if in warrant of such a state of society is a case of unwarranted generalization from a special text and time. If poverty merely meant deprivation of material goods, it would matter comparatively little. But when it means, as in general it does, — taking the large mass of people who are oppressed by it, — poverty of mind, poverty of soul, poverty of happiness; when it means, as so often it does, physical and mental degradation, slavery to drudgeries that benumb all the higher faculties, close alliance with unnamable miseries and brutalizing passions, — when poverty means all this, as it does in a thick lower stratum of our boasted Christian civilization, then not to think of its abolition as possible — nay, not to hope and work for its abolition as probable, and as the only rational consummation of things, is to confess our Christian civilization a self-evident failure and a reproach upon the religion whose name it has taken in vain. The mood of mind that can regard poverty, with all its allied sufferings and debasements, as destined to remain in the world forever, is practical pessimism of the hardest sort.

It is a great advantage that so many able and earnest persons, among whom are close thinkers as well as practical philanthropists, should now be agreed that the social problem is not concerned with a permanent order of natural evils to be palliated and submitted to as best we may, but with an unnatural *disorder* whose cause and cure are discoverable. To have got as far as this is to be at the beginning of the end. To say *disease, cause, cure,* is to mark off the practical and practicable steps that are to be taken for social salvation.

In another article I shall speak in criticism of certain features of Mr. Bellamy's ideal civilization; but in conclusion now I desire to write in approval of one point where his critics generally have condemned. The objection that a common ownership of all property by the nation would take away that spur to individual endeavor which has hitherto played so essential a part in the progress of the race, I think the author well answers when he says that the spur of competition would still remain, only taking a higher and healthier form. The ambition to do good work will be fostered by promotion to higher grades of work, and finally to official positions in the administrative direction of work and of government. It will be no longer a competitive struggle for existence — a bitter race for the bare necessities of life — nor yet for material goods and luxuries, — and surely it is time that mankind were beginning to outgrow that state of animal conflict; but there will be a strife for excellence, and for the rewards which excellence brings. And if, with this moral strife for excellence in good works, at least a lifetime of individual proprietorship might be acquired in a certain portion of land and other possessions as a part of the reward, the system, it seems to me, would be greatly strengthened by becoming better adapted to the needs and formation of individual character. Possibly a man working a farm under a master might produce a larger crop for the owner, the nation; but will he not be a larger, happier, more self-respecting man if he can after a time cultivate the acres as his own in his own way? And, after all, it is of more importance to produce the larger man than the larger crop.

The great lesson to be derived from Mr. Bellamy's book, and all others of the kind, is that they show humanity to be in the throes of agitation to cast out the demons of evil which afflict human society; and the crowning lesson of all is that they point unmistakably to the one arch-enemy of human virtue and peace. And that enemy is *selfishness.* If I were asked to name in one aphorism the source of all evil, I should not say that it is the love of money, nor point to this or that physical appetite or passion, but I should sum these and all secondary causes up in one sentence: *Selfishness is the root of all evils.* It is *selfishness,* in some of its multiform and Protean shapes, that destroys the peace of homes, corrupts public and private virtue, degrades politics, embroils nations in war, puts strife between labor and capital, reduces the industries which are life's necessity to a paltry struggle for private advantage, and commits and permits the injustices which entail poverty and outrage and the whole long train of woes upon society. It is *selfishness* — some form of *selfish* appetite, or *selfish* pleasure, or *selfish* ambition, or *selfish* anger, greed, or passion that is doing it all. Am I wrong, then, in branding selfishness as the arch-enemy of human happiness and of social progress? Yet I do not stigmatize selfishness as having its source in any inherent element of depravity planted in human nature. It springs from a root in itself not ignoble. That root is the strong instinct of self-preservation; and the instinct of self-preservation, of self-nourishment, is the primal and fundamental force by which the universe of living creatures, including man himself, has been evolved and sustained. We cannot quarrel with that which has been an essential condition of our creation and maintenance as a race. But *selfishness* is the abuse, corruption, and monstrous malformation of this old and native instinct. In man the self-preserving instinct, or self-interest, swollen with its own power, has burst the bounds where nature confined and guided it, until, with its fraudulent pretensions and usurped authority, it now imperils the very existence of the civilization and society it has created.

A new evolution of human power, therefore, is now called for; and it will come. Enlightened self-interest will see that its own ends can be secured only through the neighbor's interest, through the common welfare. The life most worth preserving will be seen to be not material life with its indulgences and luxuries, but intellectual life,

affectional life, moral life. I look for no miracle to be wrought to bring this transformation; for no social cataclysm overturning the foundations of society. The story of the flood sent to destroy in ancient times what little of society had got started on the earth is now remanded to the realm of myths. That the eternal Creative Power should have made so evident a confession of failure in the creative plan is not to be credited. Nor, however wicked human society may be, is any similar sudden demolition of all past achievements and another beginning of things now to be expected. Yet we may rationally look for great changes in the social structure,—for some, perhaps, more wonderful than any pictured in Mr. Bellamy's vision.

But society will be prepared for them gradually. A better moral culture, the larger light of a truer and all-sided education, and the old but ever constant appeals of religion to that which is highest and best in man—of religion with its beatitudes for the merciful, for the humble, for the pure in heart, for the just and righteous, for the peacemakers,—all these will help year by year to bring the deliverance. Selfishness with its foul brood of evils will be overcome, cast out, and chained. The old instinct of self-preservation, redeemed from thraldom to base desires, will resume its legitimate sway, working then to preserve and enrich the higher life. When self, with all its accumulated forces, is harnessed to the tasks of universal benefit, doing its work under the law of eternal justice, and in the spirit of fraternal love, then the salvation of human society will be assured: the commonwealth of man will have become the kingdom of God.

Wm. J. Potter.

ETHICS AND THE SITUATION.

[Concluded from the November number.]

The conviction that the welfare of society depends on the conscientious endeavor of each person to secure the welfare of everybody else will certainly modify institutions which were founded on the opinion that the general welfare was to be attained by each person's looking out for himself and disregarding the needs of other people.

Such a conviction will lead men to scrutinize closely many processes in life which have hitherto been allowed to pass unquestioned. In a recent article in the *North American Review*, Mr. Andrew Carnegie says, "The problem of our age is the proper administration of wealth, so that the ties of brotherhood may still bind together the rich and poor in harmonious relationship." The modern problem is here nobly but inadequately stated, for the spirit of the age has set itself the task of inquiring quite seriously into the proper methods of accumulating wealth, and into the propriety of concentrating wealth in the hands of "the rich," and does not merely concern itself with the way of administering wealth, after it is accumulated and concentrated.

Such an inquiry into the rightfulness of the general principles upon which society is founded, inevitably causes much temporary uncertainty as to what it is right to do in many cases. The soul of man flounders between the old and the new. Life becomes full of contradictions. Opposite ideas claim allegiance. Duties conflict, and necessity seems to jeer at all noble aspiration. History has furnished parallel instances, in other periods of change. Imagine the bewilderment of mind which many worthy persons must have suffered, when the divine right of kings was first doubted. But the doubt which has seized upon this generation affects more intimately the daily experience of all men and women, and is likely to cast their thoughts into more confusion, since it relates to rights of property, commerce, and manufactures, which have hitherto been almost universally conceded, and in these matters everybody has a direct interest and must have direct moral duties. But how are those duties to be defined in an age of fluctuating opinion and of crumbling customs? From day to day, the idea of what is right alters. New lights and shadows play across the social scene and bring new features into relief. It is not strange if some heads grow dizzy, or some hearts faint. An epoch like the present is necessarily marked by some moral disintegration. But the disintegration is caused, at bottom, by the effort to find a sounder method of cohesion. Men's consciences are detached from old supports, and sometimes tremble unsteadily for a while, before they find new certainties to which they can cling. Forms of thought arise and look substantial enough to claim the intellectual and moral adherence of the world, but they change grotesquely and fade away like phantoms. Gen. Francis A. Walker is reported to have admitted, at the meeting of a club last Winter, that "Men's ideas were nowadays changing so fast that the most conservative man could not be sure what his opinions on social questions would be ten years hence." The encouraging symptom however in all this disturbance is the fact that its key-note is ethical. Throughout all the shifting disorder of the time, a distinct groping is perceptible after truth, a distinct willingness to follow truth even though it lead into strange and untried ways. Not long ago, a leading daily newspaper in Boston hazarded the suggestion that although the adoption of eight hours as the regular day of labor might lessen productive results throughout the world, that fact would not constitute absolute proof that such an adoption should not take place, as it was possible that the race would be happier to work less and to produce less. It is only a few years since it seemed like rank heresy in Wendell Phillips to advocate an eight-hour law, on the simple ground that a man required leisure "to save his soul." The use of the Orthodox formula to express man's higher needs, and his right to a rational amount of happiness, could not save Mr. Phillips from the condemnation that waits in all climes and ages for the first enunciators of principles which the students of a later generation consider thoughtfully, and even daily newspapers treat respectfully.

In "The Pillars of Society," Ibsen makes one of his characters, Aune, doubtful whether scientific achievements always benefit society. Is there any principle that has received much more unqualified acceptance than the right to introduce machinery under all circumstances, when its introduction would aid employers to grow rich? But the Norwegian dramatist puts into Aune's mouth this speech: "I cannot bear to see one good workman after another, sent away to starvation for the sake of these machines." And again, "You often talk of care for the community, Consul, but it seems to me that the community, too, has its duties. How dare science and capital set all this new mechanism to work before the community has educated a generation that can use it?" Aune may or may not be right, but his words chime in with the ethical inquiries of the age. They emphasize the responsibility of society for the well-being of its constituent parts,—that is, the responsibility of man for man, of each man for every other man. When he says, "If you could only look into the house of a dismissed workman on the evening when he comes home and brings his tool-chest with him," he touches a spot in the moral consciousness of the race which was formerly unsensitive but now quivers with response, because so many tongues have asked, in these later days, whether one man's opportunity to earn his living should be dependent on another man's use of the natural resources afforded by the planet to its inhabitants.

Formerly, the employer cut down wages, or discharged workmen, with, possibly, a melancholy conviction that the necessity under which he lay thus to cause people to suffer implied something unfortunate in human affairs. Now, he does these things with an uneasy fear that this necessity

implies something *wrong* in human affairs. "Who has sinned?" he asks himself, and he knows that the world about him is asking,—"Who has sinned, that this evil has come to pass? Is it one person or another; or does the harm grow out of that sum-total of error that has got itself precipitated out of the crucible of thought into the solid substance of institutions?"

Dilemmas lie on every hand for the men of this generation. Both workmen and employers are beset by them. "New conditions" will "teach new duties," but the new questions have not yet fully taught them. The thing most to be feared, amid all these obstacles to clear moral perception, is moral indifference. It is an encouraging symptom that some of the best and most conscientious minds of the day are applying themselves to the removal of the hindrances that disturb the movement of moral life. There is a right and wrong existing even now, and if men cannot always distinguish general principles by which to guide themselves, still, if they will carefully grope their way from thought to thought and from deed to deed, trying to make each one holy, it will be seen, by-and-bye, that deeds and thoughts will fall into a systematic relation to each other and to the Universe, and then a clue will be given again to mankind, which will lead them to the "ampler world" as yet only surmised by the poet,

> "Where the great stars of happier skies
> Commingle nobler fates for men."

LILLIE B. CHACE WYMAN.

THE NEW IDEA OF RELIGION.*

IT is evident that the content and methods of religion as reconstructed in accordance with the principles of science and the philosophy of evolution, will differ essentially from those which have governed and still largely govern the work of the Christian church. Yet in so differing they will, if we mistake not, come nearer to the essential thought of the founder of Christianity. Instead of urging man to an egoistic strife after personal salvation, religion thus reconstructed will bid him so enlarge and cultivate his own nature that he can render the worthiest and most profitable service to his fellow-men. Instead of basing salvation on dogmatic belief, it will make it a process of moral and intellectual growth — a process of character-building. Instead of repressing the intellect, disparaging human reason, and discouraging free thought, it will bid man remove all shackles and fetters from the mind, to think deeply, to think beyond the superficial appearances of things — to breathe the keen air of the intellectual life with perfect freedom, finding therein an inspiration to the noblest living and most devoted service. Instead of urging man to an emotional spasm of repentance for wrong-doing, it will bid him carefully ponder upon the results of his actions, note the instant effect of an evil deed in repressing fulness of life — in atrophying the character of the doer. It will show him that the penalty of wrong-doing is intrinsic instead of extrinsic — that heaven and hell are conditions of the mind rather than definite localities in space.

It will regard religion as a life rather than a ceremonial or a creed. It will inculcate justice in place of charity. Instead of accepting poverty, ignorance and wretchedness as ordained of God,— as conditions of life to be accepted with resignation and mitigated in some small degree by alms,— it will endeavor as far as may be to abolish these conditions, by rendering the poor self-helpful, by educating the ignorant, and by removing the causes of disease and vice, thus laying the foundations of a nobler individual manhood, which is the only sure basis for a regenerated society.

If we accept Cicero's derivation of the word "religion," its essential meaning is *faithfulness, thoroughness.* This principle of faithfulness evolution will teach man to carry into every department of his thought and labor. The reply of the servant-girl, who had recently united with the church, to the question of her mistress as to what evidence she had of her conversion: "I know I have got religion, because, now, I sweep under the mats," is suggestive of that conscientious element that a rational religion based upon evolution should introduce into human life. Matthew Arnold's definition of religion is, "Morality touched with emotion": a morality lifted out of mere conventionalisms, a morality which will make the employer recognize the humanity of his employee, striving to render him a just compensation for his labor, instead of treating him as a mere money-making machine; which will make the workingman anxious that his work shall be well done, rather than make him strive to do as little as possible for his wages; which shall abolish shoddy clothes and Buddensiek buildings; which shall do away with the adulteration of foods and drugs; which shall create a divine discontent with the "old clothes" of superstition and unreason with which the average man has been satisfied to array his intellectual and religious nature,— this, if not answering to all that we mean by religion, is the natural and consistent product of a Religion of Life. Go into yonder church — select it almost at random, if you please, from any quarter of these two great cities — these Siamese twins whose common artery is our beautiful Brooklyn bridge — and question its members as to the character and meaning of its creed. How many will you find who really know anything about the dogmas which they are supposed to profess and believe — a belief in which, in many instances, is deemed essential to salvation? How many of our city congregations, of whatever sect, would sit patiently and hear the cold logic of Calvinism brought home to their understandings? Against all these duplicities of thought and life, so prevalent in this transition period, the philosophy of evolution enters an emphatic protest, seeing that that only can promote growth of manly and womanly character which is vitally and really appropriated by the understanding, and allowed its legitimate bearing upon the healthful activities of life.

Evolution recognizes the continuity of thought — the solidarity of the race — the indebtedness of the present to the past. It does not therefore endeavor to establish the new truth or the higher social ideal by violent or revolutionary methods. It seeks for the soul of truth in things false — for the soul of good in things evil — seeing that evils and falsehoods are usually goods and truths out of their proper relations. Evil is mal-adjustment. Its correction should therefore be sought by readjustment, rather than by destruction. Evolution would build on the existing good, rather than seek to lay an entirely new foundation. In the church, Evolution beholds an institution capable of bestowing infinite benefits upon mankind; yet as organized and directed in the past, and to a great degree in the present, it has been and is an institution of doubtful utility. It has repressed the individual reason, teaching its devotees to accept as authority the commandments of pope, or priest, or ecclesiastical synod, or sacred book. It has made the past a shackle upon the present, instead of a help and an inspiration to a larger and more progressive life. It has fostered a morbid and unhealthy other-worldliness, instead of seeking to better the condition of men here and now. It has cultivated a low pretense of familiarity with the person and attributes of the Deity, as it has assumed to define them, instead of bidding the soul stand

* COPYRIGHT, 1889, by James H. West, Publisher. (From "The Scope and Principles of the Evolution Philosophy," *Modern Science Essayist*, New Series No. 16.)

in reverent awe in the presence of "the Infinite and Eternal Energy whence all things proceed." All these things must be changed if the church would remain a living and progressive force in the individual life and in the ordering of society.

Instead of ceremonies and worship based upon the current anthropomorphic conceptions of the deity, there will arise "observances tending to keep alive a consciousness of the true relation in which we stand to the Unknown Cause, and tending to give expression to the sentiment underlying that consciousness." As to the character and attributes of this cause, the religious teacher, accepting the teachings of Evolution, will not arbitrarily dogmatize. In the language of Mr. Spencer, "duty requires us neither to assert nor to deny that it has personality, but to submit ourselves with all humility to the established limits of our intelligence, in the conviction that the choice is not between personality and something lower, but personality and something higher, and that the ultimate reality is no more representative in terms of human consciousness than human consciousness is representative in terms of a plant's functions." The fact that we stand continually in the presence of this Ultimate Reality, that it is involved in every phenomenal activity, whether of mind or of matter, will however, be kept continually before us. The use of the term "Unknowable," as applied to this Reality, is unfortunate if thereby it conveys the idea of that which is practically or actually non-existent,—a superficial interpretation of Mr. Spencer's doctrine with which we are frequently assailed by his self-constituted critics, but against which he everywhere carefully guards himself, to the understanding mind. As he himself declares: "the Ultimate Reality is the sole existence; all things present to consciousness being but shows of it."

In the words of an able popular interpreter of the evolution philosophy: "The agnostic minister will be chiefly a moral educator; but while discussing ethical questions, which must of themselves exert a highly elevating influence on his hearers, he will, at the same time, have ample opportunity of ministering to their spiritual needs by appropriate references to the mysteries of cosmology, either for the purpose of quickening the religious emotions and reinforcing the religious consciousness, or with a view to emphasizing some moral lesson which he may wish to bring home to the hearts of his hearers. Thus will man's conduct be influenced in the right direction. On the one hand, the necessity of leading a moral life will be impressed upon him; on the other hand, he will be led to reflect upon that inscrutable power whose marvelous energy reveals itself in a universe of wonders — a power which, though indefinable, nay inconceivable, is yet as real in its existence as it is unknowable in its attributes." * Though incomprehensible, this power is apprehensible; though unknowable in its essential nature and attributes, it is known as existing, known as infinite and eternal, known as the Energy from whence all things proceed, and known symbolically in its relations to man and to the phenomenal universe. This knowledge satisfies every legitimate hunger of the heart and mind. The attitude of the mind, therefore, in contemplating the Infinite Source of phenomena should be profoundly reverential and worshipful; yet its truest service will be found in no ritual or stated ceremonial of religious worship, but in the active and intelligent service of man. And in and through this service, making life itself seem ever grander, more precious, more beautiful, there may grow up in the mind a rational hope for personal continuance hereafter, to supplant the dogmatic assurance of the old theology, in which, as inculcated by the Christian church, thoughtful minds are everywhere coming to have a less and less confident belief. Evolution teaches the essential goodness and desirability of life; and on this foundation, if on any, a rational hope of immortality must finally be based. In this direction the healthy emotions of a rational mind are entitled to have free play, "so long as they do not trespass upon the domains of the intellect." Whether this hope in individuals be vivid or dim will probably be largely a matter of temperament and predisposition; but it will doubtless be even more dependent upon the lively comprehension of this fundamental doctrine of biological evolution — the doctrine of the essential goodness and desirability of life itself. LEWIS G. JANES.

* The Moral and Religious Aspects of Herbert Spencer's Philosophy. By Sylvan Drey. (London: Williams & Norgate. Boston: James H. West, Publisher.)

THE SECT STRING — THE HUMAN STRING.

FOR several days ending this year's October, Unitarians met in Philadelphia to make festival over the history and future of the sect. What was said, what was done, what was thought, will be variously reported. Ministers will tell the story in sermons, editors in newspapers, laymen in private circles of narration. But what of those others, drawn to the conference by innate sympathy, yet not of it in any formal sense, nor perhaps even as critics a welcome voice in counsel? I speak in the name of one such individual as the last. I speak as one elementally joined with the great radical force of the conference — that force which, excluded from governing boards, alone gives the Unitarian movement what power it possesses in the larger world.

In this conference, as in all others, two strings were drawn — the sect string, the human string. So far as I know, outwardly and inwardly peace prevailed through all deliberations. But the opposing forces were there, articulate and unmistakable. What do they presage? My contention is, that they are in an unnatural alliance.

The spirit giveth meaning. The spirit of Joseph May, of Brooke Herford — of the inner circles — which as a spirit, if not as a letter, excludes men like Frederic Hinckley and S. B. Weston and Robert Ingersoll from its platform, does not accord with that vaster cosmic spirit which at the first session of the conference — in the teeth of Mr. May's arctic processional — found eloquent, and to at least a part of the audience unwelcome, speech in Clifford. The Western men were here with the breath of the fall prairies. On the one hand, therefore, the liberal seas and skies, on the other the pent-up air of the courts of ecclesiastical cities. Out of which of these flows the stream that revives and assures?

The oft-recurring question with me is this: if not in Dr. Furness, in Brooke Herford, in others of more or less fame, whose, then, at this hour, was the gift of deepest insight? There were meetings day and night; meetings of women, of men — and speakers innumerable. I was able to attend only three of the sessions, and out of these I gathered little to the purport I should most have cherished. No doubt there were choice utterances in meetings I did not attend. Abbot's paper seems to have obtained credit all around. Fragmentary notions I gained hinting of noble words from Gannett. But aside from these, in the matter I most secured, there was little but the usual talk of conferences, leading outward less to freedom than to sect success.

Dr. Furness' opening sermon was mediæval, almost, in its view of Jesus. Excluding this I heard nothing that was decidedly conservative in the letter. Moreover, that session was rescued by such nobly advanced and wisely chosen admonitory words from Clifford as few formal conferences could ever be granted to hear. On the deeper problems of the social nature, little, aside from Miss Camp-

bell's paper, came in view. Yet Hale's vigorous deference to the humanities, the last night, and Curtis' casual admission, in the course of his perfect Ciceronian speech (a benediction in tone if not in word), of the bad material tendencies of our civilization, were glimpses of the struggles — momentary and slight though they were — out of which the real future America must issue.

What struck me most in the course of affairs was, as I have said, the two strings, and the dissonance of their union. The respect that seems due to humanity out of the life of many who formed a part of the conference was participation in a larger union such as it is well known this Unitarian body cannot incorporate. There is no reason in the world why men like Blake, Clifford, Adler, Gannett, Salter, Jones, Weston, should longer occupy separate platforms, or any of them be barred out anywhere on platforms that lay the least pretense to liberty. It belongs to them all to see to that more natural combination which gives no lie to their every-day utterances, public and private. After all, the highest voice of the conference was the still small voice, in corridors, on the streets — the after-admissions of delegates and friends — which rang in a strangely eloquent tongue to those with the finer ear, as if out of high watch-towers — rang as if summoning to a rescue, as if breathing a song of dawn and of relief and of a new-laid covenant of holiness. Our Ethical Culture men, and Unitarian Radicals, and Free Religionists — why not for these now the widest fellowship? No *show* of liberty by any of them any longer, no effort to prove distinctions, no war-cry or peace-whisper, but silent and vocal witness everywhere to the final fact of organic religion? Barring no one, nor consenting to remain if any be barred. Taking care, not only that the letter but the atmosphere should be free. Guarding well entrances and exits, and equally respecting both. Insisting that no single society should resign its symbolism, neither insisting that any other should adopt alien symbols. Realizing that highest sense which opens love to its infinite not its partial brotherhood.

The conference selected a sad sort of council if progress is its aim, for out of the ecclesiastical spirit, even of the Unitarian stamp, come stranglers, not lovers, of freedom. Now, therefore, is the time for the assertion of what has been for years the unchanging dream of many Liberals. Let no man struggle for a name. I, for one, will give up any name for a fact. Whose will be the first step on the threshold? Great are the Dianas of ecclesiasticism, friends, but greater the first shoots of light out of the morning sun. Sol beams upon us his new invitation. I have always loved that western phrase, "Unitarian *movement*," as properly distinguishing religion from a *fixture*, and have myself borne what the claims of the Ethical Culture *movement* imposed upon my instincts. We have been movers all, I hope, and moved all, now, it is prayed, to that nobler position which may no longer keep us separate. It is my personal feeling that the Ethical stand bravely held through ten years and more now past accounts for much of the Unitarian as well as the Orthodox progress, towards what is called the Ethical basis in religion. Indeed, rather in such a subtle ramifying force, than in direct aggregation of numbers, can be counted its success. But whatever this, the truth as it appeals to-day indicates an opportunity which we sin against the race by refusing. We are interested in the consummation, not concerned to discuss the way through which it was effected. Whose is the light, his also is the duty. This conference bore light to many — to some within, to some without its pale. To make good the lavish Liberal promises to men, to bring religious life to the level of anticipatory song — to Emerson's annunciation of the sovereignty of ethics, to Whitman's explication of democracy, to Clifford's ringing prophecy at the conference, to Gannett's thought of God, to Adler's sublime moral passion, to Free Religion's utmost faith — here is the occasion and the year, and, as good wills it, let us also trust, the men!

HORACE L. TRAUBEL.

LIFE.

OFTEN, when I walk at evening in the still and solemn grove,
Thro' the mysteries of Nature do my wayward fancies rove.

And I seek to find a purpose in the sorrow and the strife
And the many-sided passions of this wondrous thing called life.

Life! the web of ceaseless effort, stretching thro' unnumbered years,
Shot with golden-threaded laughter, stained by swiftly-falling tears.

Life! the symphony discordant, where the passages that mar
Echo down the sweetest cadence with their dull and paining jar.

Life! the dim, illusive island, wrapt in floating vapors gray,
Where we act our petty drama, where we have our transient day.

One short space ago we were not; for a little while we are;
Soon, our very names shall vanish into memories, faint and far.

Still we struggle with a fervor pitiful, tho' half sublime,
Dreaming that our deeds are destined to outlive the lapse of time.

One is seeking wealth and honor in the city's brawling mart,
While another tills the corn-fields in the valley, far apart.

Here, a scholar bends o'er volumes of some half-forgotten lore,
While his comrade rides to battle over plains of clotted gore.

So upon Life's narrow margin do we dig and sow and reap,
Till at length the clouds enwrap us, and we sink in dreamless sleep.

Is it worth the ceaseless striving? Does the happiness we gain
Overtop the bitter anguish, compensate for all the pain?

Sorrow comes, and sorrow deepens; loss is loss, for evermore;
Joy is fleeting as the foam-wreaths wafted down a moonlit shore.

Nay, our very bliss is burdened with a faint disquietude,
Filling us with strange forbodings lest we lose this cherished good.

O, the pathos of our laughter! O the mockery of mirth!
O, the sadness of rejoicing in this sorrow-laden earth.

Even while we linger fondly on the face we hold most dear,
Lo, the fading cheek reminds us that the parting draweth near.

Even while we pledge the wine-cup at the banquet or the rout
Hungry eyes are peering at us from the solitude without.

And the fairest flower-wreathed Aidenn, where the sweetest roses blow,
Still must evermore be haunted by the far-off shrieks of woe.

Ah, the mystery of living! Ah, the hours with anguish rife
As we pass in weird procession down the avenues of Life.

Has it purpose? Has it meaning? Is there any wondrous plan
Rounded out and made more perfect by the little life of man?

Nay, in vain I seek the answer. As I lift my longing eyes
Silent are the seas about me, silent are the deep blue skies.

NELLY BOOTH SIMMONS.

THE COMING CIVILIZATION.*

WE are impatient, and — in the sense of a high discontent with poor conditions — we ought to be impatient, of the existence of so many social ills and imperfections. During the Middle Ages a great army of children started out on an enthusiastic crusade in search of the Holy Land. At first they thought it very near. And as each common town rose in sight, their hearts beat with eager expectation, and they cried out, "Is *this* Jerusalem?" And then, wearied and sobered, they would start on again for the city that they still knew was somewhere, though farther off than they had fancied it to be.

Like these children the human race marches on. It be-

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lieves in the unseen city; but, in spite of many disappointments, it allows itself to be over and over again deluded into the belief that the first town caught sight of by any enthusiast is the city of its hopes.

One fundamental fact cannot be too deeply impressed on all hearts or kept too constantly in mind. This fact is that a perfect building cannot be constructed of imperfect bricks. A perfect society cannot be made out of imperfect individuals. Rearrange them as you please, and so long as the materials are defective the defect will appear in the result. Forgetting this is the radical error in all those theories that propose some short cut to the "Coming Civilization," while men and women are left very much the same as they are now.

Having put up our warning signs, "No passing," at the entrances of so many roads, some persons may be inclined to think that I regard all of them as *cul de sacs*, and that the only thing left is for us to plod on after the old fashion, "content in that station of life in which it has pleased Providence to place us," as the Prayer Book has it. But no, I hold no opinion of the kind. Nor have I, on the other hand, any pet "City of God" of my own that I expect to see suddenly descending out of a magical sky. If there is any hope at all in the future, it is the hope that shines out of the past. Something, and, I believe, very much, is possible, if only people will stop merely dreaming, and, in the light of established principles, will go to work.

In the first place, I do not at all believe in the *laissez-faire* theory, in letting things take their own way. Under the working of "natural selection," all life lifted and advanced, until man appeared. But since then, something else has appeared; artificial or human selection has been at work. I am well aware that it is a matter of definition, and that, in one sense, what a man does is as natural as is that which is done by a horse or an elephant. But, to avoid confusion of thought, we call that which has in it the element of human purpose artificial, as opposed to that which takes place apart from the control or guidance of the human will. There are many famous scientific men who seem to me curiously illogical here. They seem to have a sort of blind worship for what they call "natural" law, and appear to regard it as a holy ark that the profane intermeddler must not lay his hands upon. And, at the same time, they know, as well as the rest of us do, that from the day when the first man-like creature tore off the limb of a tree to be used as a club, every step in civilization has been a step artificially created and taken. That is, "human" selection has always been at work modifying the results of "natural" selection. If a man can change the course of a mountain torrent, and prevent its devastating a bit of ground that human selection has turned into a garden, why should he sit passively still and let any natural force override him, provided he has the skill and power to prevent it? At any rate, all the civilization we have has been the result of human interference in modifying the working of natural forces, and so turning them to the accomplishment of humanly thought-out consequences.

We are familiar with the fact that living forms always tend to become adjusted to their environment. And it is true that the lower life-forms are practically helpless in the hands of the forces and conditions that environ them. A bird will build a better nest if you furnish him a better place and better materials. But while man also tends to become adjusted to his environment, he has the power of thinking out and creating a better environment, and so, indirectly, of lifting his average life to higher levels. To do just this is the work of that human selection that seeks to create a better civilization.

I believe, then, that Prof. Lester F. Ward is right in the main idea of his "Dynamic Sociology." He thinks that man has at last reached the point where he can deliberately plan out and create for himself a higher type of civilization.

Now, what is that ideal condition of the world of which all lovers of their kind must sometimes dream and which they always desire? In broad outline, it can be indicated as a condition of things in which all persons shall be released from over-drudgery, and shall have both leisure and means to develop and gratify the higher wants of their natures. This would necessarily mean, and would carry along with it, the elimination from human society of nearly all its present disease and vice and crime. For most of these are the natural accompaniments of our present imperfect stage of civilization.

In order to do this, more wealth must be created. For we have already seen that an equal division of all that now exists would not be enough for our purpose. To do this would seem to demand a more exacting toil on the part of everybody, instead of setting people free to cultivate themselves into a capacity for living human lives. But this I believe will appear to be a fallacy, and that our hope of sufficient leisure is not an unreasonable one.

In the barbaric ages, men had few wants, and those almost exclusively of an animal kind. And so long as man is compelled to work all or most of his working hours for mere subsistence, he can be only an animal who hunts or fights for his prey, tears and devours it, and then goes to sleep, only to go through the same routine another day. He must develop the mental, the moral, the spiritual, the social, in him, before we can call him civilized. To this end he must have time and means. To this hour in the world's history, it is only in so far as time and means have been gained, and in the case of those who have gained it, that any civilization has been attained.

Here, then, we face the problem. It is along this road, if at all, that mankind must go. Can they go? Is it an open road? Or, if not open now, can we open it? I believe we can. I believe this old earth is capable of sustaining an ideal civilization — one as fair as the fairest that any most enthusiastic dreamer has dreamed. And I believe this wondrous race of ours, that has accomplished so much, is capable of realizing it. But it must be by facing facts, and by working along the lines of existing laws and forces. There is no magic about it, no short cut, no royal road. It is not to be learned in "six short and easy lessons."

Those who are already educated and rich and well-off should remember two things. First, no true man can be truly happy while so large a part of the world is unhappy. For our happiness we need to cultivate general happiness. And, in the next place, no house is safe, however well-furnished, and however gay be the company within, so long as the foundations are insecure. And the foundations of our society to-day are the millions who will not be slaves again, and who cannot go on to a manly and prosperous content without our aid. Preach to them only the doctrine of quiet, and take on the airs of masters, and their answer is dynamite. They cannot go back, they will not stand still; and so we must, if for no higher motive than our own safety, help them to go forward.

What now can we do? I have left myself little space to tell, and I would need a book to detail and argue it all. But since I am only to hint it, I have plenty of time for that. If my suggestions are living seeds, they will germinate after I am done.

The first thing to be done is this: Society at last recognizes its right, and it already has the power, and can use it, to make knowledge compulsory and universal. No boy or girl should be allowed, from this day, to grow up without knowing what kind of a world this is, by what stages humanity has advanced to where it is to-day, and so, by what

steps it may be expected to go on to-morrow. Men are victims of their conditions, the tools of knaves and other fools, because they are ignorant. The race has gained a certain accumulated stock of verified knowledge. It is this that sets men free and makes them masters of their circumstances. This accumulated stock of knowledge, then, ought to become the common property of man. This is the first thing.

In the second place, we can do at least a little in the way of destroying the present wide-spread monopolies of the natural resources of the earth, that can never justly be the property of any individual. No man can properly be said to own that which he does not make or produce, such, for example, as land, mines, water-power, coal-beds, etc. But as most of these things are now bound up with additions to, or modifications of, other things that are individual property, they present a practical problem most difficult to solve. But, so far as possible, every man ought to have access to, and use of, all these things, and so unhampered opportunity.

The third will take me a little longer to tell. A man becomes more a man by as much as his permanent wants become more and higher. So long as he wants only food, clothing and shelter, he is but a higher kind of animal. As his higher nature unfolds, and he wants books and music and art, then only does he become, in the higher sense of the word, human. But before he can be developed into really wanting these, he must have, at least, some leisure: for this kind of culture requires time. Children, then, must not be allowed to be put to daily labor, or at any rate, to more than half-day work, until they have been properly schooled and taught. And not only this, men and women, if they are to live, and so maintain, this higher life, must have some time to read and think, to breathe the air of art, and to listen to music. They must have time to mingle with their fellows in what we call society. Is it not these higher things that we mean when we speak of living? Take from us our society, our books, our pictures, our statuary, our music, with all that these imply, and would we care much to keep the rest? If this be so, is not what is necessary to the real human life of ourselves necessary to all? In so far as they are men and women, it most certainly is.

If, now, we are wise believers in Evolution, it has taught us one thing; and that is that the world advances not by leaps, but by the method of growth. So we shall not expect everything, or too much, all at once. If we can take the next step, we shall do well. This next step on the part of the great army of wage-workers, I believe, with Mr. George Gunton, to be shorter hours of daily labor. I incline to think that he has wrought out this problem from the point of view of political economy.

Fewer hours of labor would mean the employment of the unemployed; and so the removing of the burden of their support from the overloaded shoulders of the workers. The more wage-earners there are, the more consumers; so it would cause a widening of the market of the world. With ever more and better machinery, along with the education of the laborer, and so the increase of his skill, there might be an immense increase of production, and so increase, instead of lessening, of wages. With higher education, more leisure, and an elevation of popular taste, there would be ever less and less of the waste and inefficiency caused by vice and crime.

These steps, then, society is competent to take. I see no other way. It must be by education, and so through increased mastery of the natural forces on the part of man, that the higher life must come. That which lifts the social level, creates in man higher wants, and so stimulates him to the production of ever more and more of those things in which real wealth consists, to the end that these wants may be supplied,—this and this only can help the race on to the next step towards the "Coming Civilization." This is the lesson of all the past, and here is the prophecy of the future. Long and weary has been the way. But if Evolution teaches anything, it is tireless patience and deathless hope.

M. J. Savage.

PICKING THE BIBLE TO PIECES.

The minister who reads the bible to his people, and preaches from it, without pointing out its faults, is a man who gives fish to his children for food, without first picking out the bones.

But if he remove the bones, people will complain that he spends his time tearing the fish to pieces!

Perry Marshall.

PETER AND HIS ISLAND.

AN ALLEGORY.

I call the island Peter's because he called it so. He had it all in his own hands once, and he says he ought to have it still; but this is more than he has any right to say. It would be of no use to tell him so, for he never lets any one differ with him. There is nothing he hates so much as to be contradicted. You may pick his pocket; and he will forgive you as soon as you bring the money back with a little bonus. You may knock him down, and yet if you pick him up, and ask him to drink a bottle of wine with you, he will take you at your offer, and even give you his blessing, if the wine is good enough. But venture to express any dissent, however mildly, and he will burst into a passion, and swear away at you in Latin, as well as in his own language, Italian. If he dares, he will knock you down, and jump on you. However humbly you may apologize, he will never forget it, but will do you a mean turn if he can. There are some pretty bad stories about the way he treated men who differed with him in old times, when he was lord over the whole island. Then he had only to say, "It is going to rain," and people ran for their cloaks and hoods, though there might not be a cloud in the sky. He always judged what the weather was going to be by an old almanac which had belonged to his grandmother. If the calendar said, "Time to plant," in the seed must go, though the ground was frozen so stiff that it had to be broken up with pick-axes. When the almanac said, "Now make hay," Peter would lead his men down into the meadow, his scythe over his shoulder, though it was a pouring rain. If he got drenched to the skin he would say, "The sun is really very hot to-day. How I do sweat." He took very little pains to get good seed, and none at all to clear out the weeds. Putting on manure was an innovation; and Peter has always hated novelties. His flock of sheep is running out, partly because he will not improve the breed, and partly because he shears too often and too close. He is proud of his skill in fishing, but he never used any nets except those which his father, after whom he was named, had when a fisherman on the Lake of Galilee. Even when our Peter first came to the island these nets were getting rotten and shaky. He has been mending them ever since; but he will never get any new ones.

One thing Peter has used which his sire knew nothing about; that is a fishing-spear with three prongs. Peter was always great on threes. He would never do any work which needed a horse, without harnessing three of them side by side. Still he keeps three sheets on every bed. When he dresses in state, he wears three suits of clothes, one over the other, and three hats on his head.* Then he rings a great bell which sets all his pet baboons capering,

*The tiara.

and rattling the strings of beads they wear around their necks. These bald-headed baboons he has kept always with him. Whenever he feels restless at night he gets up, and rings his bell, until they all caper around him.* In old times, he used to let them run all over the island, and bite every one they met. It was of no use to make any complaint, for Peter sat as judge, and he always insisted that the baboon had been in the right. And as for striking any of these baboons, it would have been a great deal safer to kill any man on the island. His wife was turned out of the house for finding fault with them, and was not allowed to take away her children. These were for the most part willing enough to mind what Peter told them. They worked hard for what was left after his feasts, and wore his cast-off clothes. They married the partners he picked out for them, and paid him handsomely for making the choice. All the newly-married couples were expected to keep on living in Peter's house and working for their board. This old house, by-the-bye, had been brought through the air by angels, according to Peter's story.† In fact, the old man had a lively imagination. He has still lots of pictures which used to wink whenever he looked at them. Even now, when he gets short of meat, he holds a big loaf over the dining-table, rings a little bell, and shouts, "Hocus Pocus."‡ In old times every one had to make believe he was eating roast-beef, or suffer for it.

Peter has always been eager to make money. In what he calls the good old times, when he had it all his own way, he drove a thriving trade in certain goods which no one else could sell. He had magic goblets, out of which you might drink as much strong drink as you chose without any danger of getting drunk. Then there was his infallible plaster, which saved the purchaser from feeling any pangs of conscience, however he might behave. Peter's third great discovery,—for you know that all he did was in threes,—was of a spiritual pastille, which would frighten away ghosts and spectres. These articles were in high favor. It is a positive fact that no ghosts or spectres were ever seen while one of these pastilles was burning. No one was ever known to admit that he had got drunk with what was in one of Peter's goblets. If his head began to swim he said it was only the fumes of the wine which his neighbors were drinking out of ordinary glasses. If he tumbled down, he said it was because he wanted to lie on the floor. And as for the plasters, it is certain that Peter's customers have had remarkably easy consciences. So he made more money by peddling than by fishing or farming; and thus his trades were three.

On the north shore of the island there stands a high, rocky promontory, surrounded by a sandy beach, and formerly crowned with a temple to Minerva. Amid its ruins a lady named Sophia still occupies a hut, built before Peter made his appearance, of planks which she says were originally hewn out by Pythagoras, Plato, and Aristotle, and which fit together so badly that she keeps stopping up the chinks with old rags which she calls parts of the mantles once worn by Epictetus, Proclus, and Jamblichus. In her frequent midnight rambles she carries the lantern once used by Diogenes; and the tub in which that philosopher resided has become the cistern from which she draws the water to make her tea. She usually calls herself a Greek; but sometimes she claims to be of Hindoo parentage. One of her peculiar habits is that of never liking to answer the same question twice alike, while Peter's words are the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever. I rather think, myself, that some of her ancestors were Gypsies. Even in early days she was fond of changing her style of dress; whereas Peter always prided himself on wearing the same fashion that was in use when he was a boy. To satisfy her longing for new clothes, she has kept great herds of Cashmere and Angora goats, whose fleeces she mixed with the hair which she cut from her own head. It is said that she sometimes dressed herself in a fabric of her own invention, composed of moon-beams interwoven with conundrums; but I do not vouch for this.

Neither do I believe that she ever tried to live on rainbows and lilies; though she has always been unwilling to eat meat. At first her diet consisted solely of the milk of her goats, the clams she dug on the beach, and the berries that grew on her promontory. After Peter landed and planted orchards, she was glad to barter her young kids for his apples, pears, and grapes. She also sold him chickens, for she kept plenty of Cochin-Chinas, Shanghies, and Brahma-Poutras and one of Peter's whims was to have only hens in his poultry-yard.* Then, again, he has always been fond of having the whitest of linen and there never was a laundress like Sophia. Nothing is so black that she cannot wash it white. Her skill in fabricating dyes, too, was wonderful, as can still be judged by her gay attire. So Peter and Sophia would have been the best of friends, if she had not sometimes been a little slow to agree with him. In old times she did not dare to say much, but she thought a great deal. She was as fond as he of foretelling the weather, but she did not care a button for his old almanac. She followed her dreams and visions, she said, though this practically amounted to her thinking she would have the sort of weather she wanted. While Peter was lord, she did not venture to do anything more than repeat what he said, in different words and very big ones.† Thus, one evening when such a wind was blowing as usually brought rain to the island, Peter announced pompously, "It will be fair, to-morrow. Thus saith the almanac that never errs." "Ay," answered Sophia, who was busily picking apples close by, "my oracles respond to yours. Fair weather is prognosticated for all who are employed in piscatorial functions. All embodiments of verdant and arborescent life will find our predictions adumbrate truth." Sometimes he said, in the midst of a drouth, "It is going to rain, is it not, Sophia?" Then she would open her great eyes, and say solemnly, "Behold, I see the solar night rain down floods of luminosity. I prophesy that auric showers will descend to transfigure the earth." Peter was so accustomed to agreement that he would seldom notice that she was contradicting him, though now and then he would find her out and box her ears angrily.

To understand Sophia fully, you must see how she behaved during the great fight between Peter and Martin, three or four hundred years ago. Peter, though the son of a Jew, was born and married in Italy. His sons he wedded to women from that country, or from Spain. These women were very fond of him; and it is said that he was altogether too fond of them. His daughters became the wives of some fair-haired, blue-eyed strangers, to whom he took a great fancy, because they lent him money, ate poor food without grumbling, and never said much about wages. One day these sons-in-law went off to mow the marshes on the north shore. The day before, they had been kept out late, getting in hay, and when they came home there was nothing for them to eat but stale bread. Peter and his black baboons had devoured everything else. He tried to make it up by giving them some dirty scraps of paper, which were to keep them from getting wet while at work. That afternoon, there was a heavy shower, and they were drenched to the skin before they reached Sophia's hovel. She made them a great fire of drift-wood, and treated them to a fiery drink made of fermented goat's-milk, which soon went to their heads. They talked freely of Peter's obstinacy, his stinginess, his flirtations, his baboons,

* Vigils. † At Loreto. ‡ Hoc est corpus meum.

* Nunneries. † Scholasticism.

his frauds. One of them, who was an Englishman, had once got a peep at the almanac, and found that it said: "The farmer should give his workmen as good food as he eats himself, and pay them up every Saturday night." He was sure that nothing was said there in favor of baboons.* All agreed that there was no chance of their ever seeing the money they had lent Peter, or getting any wages. Something was said about his owning the island, but at this Sophia sprang to her feet, saying, "Help me, Plato and Aristotle. Our time is come."†

She rushed to and fro, her long hair streaming out behind, her hands waving in the air, her eyes rolling wildly. The men all knew that something was coming. At last, she stopped short, and began to speak. She told how she had been the first settler on the island. Peter was only a squatter. He had no charter from the great King on the mainland, and no deed or even a lease. She had looked in his strong-box herself, and there was nothing there but the old almanac, a few fish-stories, and a heap of unpaid bills. As for the King, all he cared for was tribute, and Peter was so badly in arrears that he was in great danger of being put in jail. In fact, the whole island was petering out. Something must be done; and they had a right to do it. "What is a right," she cried, "but a concatenation of the Individual with the Universal? The Infinite is retributive, vindictive, pugnacious. I know it is. I feel it eliminating all temporal and secular considerations within my transfigured soul. Listen to the voice of the eternal Oracle! You have wrongs, and wrongs hypothecate rights." She sank down, exhausted, into a seat. Then Martin, a big burly German with broad shoulders and muscles like ropes, who had thus far been smoking in silence, took the pipe from his mouth and stood up. "What the good lady tells us," he said, "is all very fine. Much of it is high, and some of it must be true. Now I shall tell what we shall do. The rain is out; but the grass is too wet to cut. We shall go straight to old Peter. I will tell him some things. His sons are too angry about their wives to help him. There will be much talk, and may-be some fight. We here shall all stand together. And this half of the island shall be ours."

F. M. Holland.

[To be concluded in the January number.]

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FREE RELIGION.‡

IX.

BY FRANCIS E. ABBOT, PH.D.

§ 59. Until the foregoing reasoning has been refuted root and branch, it may without presumption be taken as rationally established that the Infinite Universe is at once a Real Machine and a Real Organism. It remains to show that THE INFINITE UNIVERSE IS AT ONCE A REAL MACHINE, A REAL ORGANISM, AND A REAL PERSON.

§ 60. These three categorical types of Real Being, or three primordial kinds which naturally and necessarily reveal the Supreme Kind of Kinds (see §§ 31–33), are not related to each other as co-ordinate and mutually exclusive species, but rather as successively rising grades of complexity in immanent relational constitution — a conception perfectly familiar in natural science, as illustrated, for example, in Agassiz' *Methods of Study in Natural History* (16th ed., p. 91): "This gradation in [embryological] growth corresponds to the gradation of rank in adult animals, as established upon comparative complexity of structure." In the order of terrestrial evolution, the Machine first appeared as mere matter in motion, then the Organism as plants and animals, and lastly the Person as man; and this order of succession in time corresponds with the gradation of rank in complexity of constitution and with the serial evolution of forms in the scale of being. There is no arbitrary or complete transition: the Organism remains still a Machine, and the Person remains still both Machine and Organism.

§ 61. In the constitution of the Person, therefore, as we know it in ourselves, we find the constitutions of the lower grades or types included and united in a thoroughly harmonious working system. The distinctive feature of the Machine is the mechanical principle of CAUSALITY, as governing the propagation of motion through a material whole of collocated material parts, external one to another; the distinctive feature of the Organism is the principle of FINALITY, as governing the motion and application of organ to function in a constant mediation between the Organism and its organic ends; the distinctive feature of the Person is the principle of conscious self-determination or self-conscious MORALITY, as governing the free formation of ends and means in relation to other selves, and reflexively judging both these ends and their execution through motion in relation to universal rights and duties in a state of society. These three distinctive features of the Machine, the Organism, and the Person are indissolubly united in every human Person as such; the three principles of Causality, Finality, and Morality are all rooted and regnant in the personal constitution, never interfering or colliding with each other in their respective spheres of operation, but harmonizing perfectly in all personal life. If these three principles thus harmonize perfectly in the constitution and life of Man, why may they not, *mutatis mutandis*, harmonize perfectly in the constitution and life of Nature? If Nature is already known to possess the mechanical and the organic constitutions, why may it not possess the personal constitution as well? Nay, if the Thing and the Kind naturally and necessarily reveal each other's essential constitution (see §§ 31–33), and if the Machine and the Organism, as Things, are already proved to reveal the essential constitution of Nature, as their Highest Kind, why is there not a rational necessity that the Person, also, as a higher Thing, shall still more reveal it? Why is it not self-evident that Nature, as ETERNAL ARCHETYPE, necessarily reveals itself in the Machine, the Organism, and the Person, as its primordial ECTYPES in Space and Time? Why is it not self-evident that the Person, which sums up the three in one, is the ECTYPE of ECTYPES,— in a word, that HUMAN NATURE IS THE SUPREME REVELATION OF GOD?

§ 62. These are, at the very least, reasonable questions; and they deserve a very reasonable and respectful answer. Incredible, and even unintelligible, as it may seem at first sight that this boundless system of Nature, this illimitable Universe of Real Being, should be essentially and at bottom ONE INFINITE PERSON, reflection speedily dissipates the swarm of hasty misapprehensions. Images start up of particular machines, organisms, persons; the disparity between these and Nature as a whole is overwhelmingly obvious. Then comes rational meditation, gradually sifting out the essential from the non-essential; and the underlying identity of constitution, the natural revelation of the Kind in the Thing, begins at last to force itself into rational recognition with irresistible power. To conceive the Universe as a Machine is not to imagine it under the form of an enormous steam-engine, but rather to comprehend that the omnipresent causal energy of Nature, producing all motions of matter, whether of masses or of molecules, as dynamical effects, works invariably under the law of Mechanical Causality. To conceive the Universe as an Organism is not to picture it as a gigantic animal, but rather to comprehend that the omnipresent causal-organic energy of Nature, directing all motions of matter, as causal means, to the realization of Nature's eternal end of EVOLUTION, works invariably under the law of Organic Finality. So, too, to conceive the Universe as a Person is not

* Wycliffe. † The Revival of Letters.

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to portray it as a colossal man, but rather to comprehend that the omnipresent causal-organic-personal energy of Nature, being conscious of itself and its own eternal end of SELF-EVOLUTION THROUGH SELF-INVOLUTION, and executing this end through the successive and gradual creation of FINITE MACHINES, FINITE ORGANISMS, AND FINITE SELVES WITHIN ITS OWN INFINITE SELF, works invariably under the law of Ideal Morality. It is impracticable here to unfold these thoughts in full; they are now barely hinted at, in order to clear the way for a thoughtful and unprejudiced consideration of the thesis that the Universe is, and must be, a Real Person.

§ 63. The Finite Artificial Machine, or artificial organ constructed by a natural organism, is external in space both to the constructor, or user, and to the effect which it is constructed to produce; it mediates between the two as a causal means outside of both, as, for instance, the chisel between the sculptor and the statue, or the printing-press between the printer and the book, or the army between the conqueror and his conquest. It is owing to this constitutional externality in space that physics can so easily conceive the Abstract Machine — can so easily, in abstract thought, make a pseudo-separation between the two elements of cause and effect, on the one hand, and of end and means, on the other; for both the preconceived end in the mind of the maker and the realized end in the material world are equally external to the Machine as a mediator between the two, and what separates them, yet links them together, is the mediating chain of physical causes and effects in the motions of the Machine itself. Hence physics can readily disregard both preconceived and realized ends, and confine itself exclusively to mere motion and its laws; and hence, too, the legitimacy and utility of the Abstract Machine as a physical concept, which serves to simplify, and thereby helps to solve, purely mechanical problems.

But, in the case of the Universe as an Infinite Natural Machine, no such externality in space obtains, and no such abstraction of the causal from the final relation is possible at all, unless the Abstract Universe is recognized as necessarily implying the Real Universe from which to abstract it. The Real Universe, as a Real Natural Machine, must be absolutely all-inclusive; both causal and final relations, inseparable in the complete constitution of every Real Machine, must be strictly and wholly within the all-inclusive Universe; there can be here neither external maker nor external effect — both maker and effect must be internal only. In other words, if the Infinite Universe is a Real Machine at all, it must be, not merely a Real Machine, but also a Self-Making and Self-Working Real Machine — that is, a Real Organism: THE INFINITE UNIVERSE CANNOT BE A REAL MACHINE WITHOUT BEING A REAL ORGANISM, TOO. If the principles and premises of scientific realism are sound, the argument here is more than probable — it is demonstrative.

§ 64. Now precisely as stringent a rational necessity inheres in the next step of the argument: namely, that the Infinite Universe cannot be a Real Organism without being a Real Person, too.

The Finite Natural Organism, or Real Machine constructed by Nature, is both *Cause and Effect of Itself* and *End and Means to Itself:* it is the *Self-Making and Self-Working Machine* (§ 47). This is no new conception; it was foreshadowed in Aristotle's well-known doctrine of the soul as an "entelecheia," and fully developed in Kant's profound analysis of the Organism as a "Naturzweck" — a natural whole in which whole and parts are reciprocally Cause and Effect, End and Means (*Kritik der Urtheilskraft*, §§ 65, 66). But Kant overlooked another essential characteristic of the Organism which is even more profoundly significant and instructive. He failed to analyze its Total Organic End as two-fold: (1) as INDWELLING OR IMMANENT END, and (2) as OUTGOING OR EXIENT END. The Immanent End of the Organism is SELF-EVOLUTION, partly recognized in the common proverb that "self-preservation is the first law of Nature": this Kant saw. But the Exient End is SELF-DEVOTION — devotion of self to the preservation and evolution of the higher self or species, to which the individual Organism is related as the organ or organic cell is related to the Organism itself: this Kant did not see. Nevertheless, this principle of the Exient End (clearly illustrated in the reproductive system) unites the individual Organism to its kind as a larger and inclusive Organism, unites this in turn, as a new individual, to a higher kind, and so on indefinitely. Thus the Exient End appears as a teleological principle of unity and intelligibility throughout the whole of Nature. The Immanent End gives to the Organism no "Others," but merely its "Self"; the Exient End gives to it "External Others," or a higher self in a NOT-SELF, as a separate, but normally necessary, complement to its own being. These two equally essential elements of the Total Organic End are equally wrought into the very warp and woof of the organic constitution itself.

But, in the case of the Universe as the Infinite Natural Organism, the Total Organic End ceases to be dualistically separable as literally Immanent and Exient, inasmuch as the Infinite can have *no* "External Others." The principle of Immanency and Exiency, notwithstanding, remains in the strictly monistic distinction between *Self as One Whole* (principle of Self-Evolution) and *Self as Many Parts or Internal Others* (principle of Self-Devotion); just as the Finite Natural Organism exists as One Organism of Many Organs or Cells, in which each alike, organism and cell, not only lives its own true life unsubverted and uninfringed by that of the other, but also devotes its own real life to that of the other. Hence, in the Infinite, Self and Not-Self are numerically identical. But Numerical Identity of Self and Not-Self, Subject and Object, constitutes the UNITY OF SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS IN THE PERSON. Consequently, THE INFINITE UNIVERSE CANNOT BE A REAL ORGANISM WITHOUT BEING A REAL PERSON, TOO.

Thus we are led to discover the LAW OF THE CORRELATION AND ULTIMATE IDENTITY OF ALL REAL TYPES IN THE PERSON.

§ 65. The same momentous conclusion, forced upon us above by studying the constitutions of the Machine and the Organism as *concrete realities*, is no less forced upon us by studying the laws of Causality and Finality as their *real principles*.

The idea of all Force or Might in Nature being confessedly derived, even in physics, from human experience of Conscious Effort, these inevitable consequences follow from §§ 51–55: —

I. The EFFICIENT OR OUT-MAKING CAUSE necessarily contains within itself the PRECONCEIVED END; the EFFECT OR OUT-MADE RESULT necessarily contains within itself the REALIZED END; and the CAUSAL BOND is itself the ENERGETIC REALIZING END IN EFFORT.

II. Therefore, the principle of EFFICIENT OR MECHANICAL CAUSALITY necessarily contains within itself the principle of ORGANIC FINALITY.

Similarly, the idea of all Right in Nature being derived from human experience of Conscience, these inevitable consequences follow from § 64: —

I. The IMMANENT ORGANIC END is Self-Evolution, or ETHICAL EGOISM; the EXIENT ORGANIC END is Self-Devotion, or ETHICAL ALTRUISM; and the TOTAL ORGANIC END is HARMONY OF ETHICAL EGOISM AND ETHICAL ALTRUISM IN CHARACTER.

II. The lower Finite Organism realizes its Character, of

which Nature is conscious, in Ethical Unconsciousness; the higher Finite Organism realizes its Character in Ethical Consciousness of Limited Freedom; the Infinite Organism of Nature realizes its Character in Ethical Consciousness of Illimitable Freedom.

III. Therefore, the principle of Organic Finality necessarily contains within itself the principle of Freedom, Self-Determination, or Ideal Morality.

§ 66. This magnificent result, that *Causality involves Finality and Finality involves Morality,*— in other words, that the three supreme and constitutive principles of the Real Universe are at bottom one, from the heliocentric point of view, in the one principle of Absolute Personality,— is analogous to the vast modern generalizations (1) that all forms of Matter are at bottom one in Identity of Substance, (2) that all manifestations of Force are at bottom one in Identity of Energy, and (3) that all stages of cosmical change are at bottom one in Identity of Evolutionary Process. To these it adds (1) that all immanent relational constitutions, whether of machine, organism, or person, are at bottom one, in the personal constitution, in Identity of Essence, and (2) that all natural laws are at bottom one in Identity of Principle. It therefore constitutes the crowning discovery of the Scientific Method, necessary to complete the demonstration of Absolute Monism, in the Law of the Correlation and Ultimate Identity of All Real Principles in Personality. Who could overestimate the value or importance of such a result? The ultimately inevitable scientific identification of all physical, biological, and psychological forces, as universally correlated and mutually convertible forms of one eternal and omnipresent Force, means, in the light of this transcendently sublime law, not the degradation of all forces to the level of blind mechanical necessity, but the elevation of all forces to the height of intelligent spiritual freedom. This is the natural and unforced evolution of Science itself, through the philosophized Scientific Method, into the Philosophy of Free Religion.

§ 67. In this way it is made clear, to any one who has capacity to comprehend and patience to master the argument, that the Infinite Universe cannot be a Real Machine without being a Real Organism, and cannot be a Real Organism without being a Real Person; and that this philosophical last conclusion is just as certain as the scientific first premise that the Universe is indeed a Machine. This, then, in briefest form, is the Scientific World-Conception, as Absolute Monism or Scientific Theism: —

Mechanical Causality, *or the Law of Motion,* Organic Finality, *or the Law of Life, and* Ideal Morality, *or the Law of Holiness, Justice, and Love,— the three eternal and all-pervasive Real Principles by which the whole known Universe exists,— are at bottom* One *in the Real Principle of Omnipresent Self-Conscious Energy or* Absolute Personality, *and constitute the* Unity of the Universe in the Essential Being and Life of God, as at once Infinite Machine, Infinite Organism, and Infinite Person.

§ 68. Whatever higher truth lies unrevealed in the boundless mystery of the Unknown, this *Truth of the Known* stands fast as the eternal foundation of the Real Universe. If any one should contemn the idea of the All-Person, thus conceived, how meanly, alas, must he think of moral personality itself — how blindly must he despise the dignity, the majesty, the sublimity of his own nature as Man!

§ 69. Real Personality, finite and relative in Man, infinite and absolute in Nature, is thus the last word of Science and Philosophy — the first word of Ethics and Religion; for Man's moral nature is necessarily rooted and included in his personal nature, and his personal nature is necessarily rooted and included in that of the All which it dimly, yet supremely, reveals. There is no other central unifying principle, whether in thought or in action, whether in the life of the individual or in the life of society, by which the Real may be known or the Ideal may be embodied. There is no other central unifying principle by which Man may develop or reform either himself or society, or by which the all-divinizing Enthusiasm of Humanity may be kindled in his soul, or by which the world may be redeemed from its mountain-load of injustice, suffering, and sin. Think highly, think reverently, think devotedly, O brethermen, of that Moral Ideal which is the very core, law, and life of your own personality, and which could be to you no law of august, all-commanding obligation, of transcendent and eternal authority, were it not identical with the innermost Law of Nature by which the planets roll, the sun shines, the Universe itself exists. For that divine passion for the Finite Ideal which makes the hero, the reformer, the prophet, the saint, is but a spark of that eternal and ethereal fire which burns at the very heart of Being, and keeps God himself true to his own Infinite Ideal.

§ 70. That thus the ultimate ground of all Art, Science, Philosophy, Ethics, and Religion, in strict accordance with the Scientific Method, is proved to lie in the immanent relational constitution of the Supreme Genus-in-Itself, or Real Universe, as Absolute Divine Person, — that this innermost nature of the known Cosmos as All-Person is most profoundly revealed in the distinctively personal, ethical, or spiritual nature of Man,— that "Man's Place in Nature" is that of a free and loyal Servant of the Divine Ideal, and that all his duties, hopes, joys, loves, aspirations, activities, destinies, depend upon his discovering intelligently and fulfilling freely the exact function in Nature and in Human Society which this unalterable Divine relationship assigns to him, — these things will explain themselves to the quick-witted, and cannot be amplified or emphasized now.

§ 71. The time has come to close this series of papers, which is merely a partial prospectus of what may be hoped to find hereafter a more appropriate place and a far better form. Its aim has been to show the way out of Agnosticism into the sunlight of the predestined Philosophy of Science. The labor of writing these too closely packed articles will be well repaid, if here and there some thoughtful spirit has caught even a glimpse of the sublime vistas of truth waiting to be revealed to mankind by the philosophic use of the Scientific Method. Said Ralph Waldo Emerson, America's greatest prophet: "There is a statement of religion possible which makes all skepticism absurd." Is there not such a statement lying latent and implicit in the Philosophy of Free Religion?

"FOR THE CAUSE."

Every enthusiastic Liberal should have been touched by the appeal in the November number of The New Ideal,— especially as accompanied by sincerity, disinterestedness, and evident reluctance to say anything about the necessities of the hour. It is my belief that there are Liberals enough to give such a paper an ample support; and this, as the editor says,— the way of regular yearly subscription, — would be better than any other kind of maintenance, more largely representative, more sure, and a great deal more honest. To say nothing of the ability of a few to sustain such a journal as this, the absence of responsibility on the part of the many must be demoralizing to them as well as compromising to the editor. Liberals have been so long in the habit of receiving the best things for nothing or next to nothing that they expect to, and are even willing

to; and it has long been a persuasion of mine that the tone of Liberalism has been sensibly impaired by this custom. A paper, like a book, ought to be "honestly come by." It is the lamentable absence of this latter practice that makes international copyright difficult, if not hopeless.

But what *is* "the Cause"? it may be asked. What does THE NEW IDEAL represent? This, after all, is the question.

It is not, I submit, mere liberty of thinking. That was contended for twenty-five years ago, and is now pretty well established; not entirely, it must be admitted, even among so-called Liberals. It needs to be still contended for; but it need not be made primary; it need not be thrust forward with prominence as the leading issue. The chief aim should be the advocacy of a pure, rational faith, comprehensive, inclusive, humane, big enough to take in every earnest movement, and firm enough in its foundations to bear up under all assaults. In one of his editorial paragraphs, headed "Rational Religion still our Ideal," the editor writes,—"None of our readers need fear that in the space we allow to Economics and Social Science we shall neglect the more inclusive cause of a freer, truer religion. . . . A Rational Religion will *include* all Social reforms, and give of the universe's finest and best to every son of man." This touches the very point. The plan is lofty and ambitious, requiring experience, knowledge, wisdom, tact; but requiring yet more, —aspiration, hopefulness, a broad sympathy, and an unselfish devotion.

I, certainly, am not one of those who complain of the amount of space given to the subject of Social Science, and I thoroughly like the impartial manner in which the whole matter is discussed. The treatment is, in my judgment, most temperate and just.

But I should like to see the spirtual aim of Liberalism made a little more conspicuous in the paper, and I do wish that the spirit of fault-finding and abuse of the older, outworn forms of religion were less aggressive than some of the contributors appear disposed to make it. The demand for positive exposition and illustration of the new faith is so imperative, that it seems to be time wasted to thresh again the old straw. Evolution asks us to render full justice to the ancient beliefs, even when we reject them. The treatment should not be negative but positive.

But perhaps I am over sensitive, or I may not see clearly the needs of the time. THE NEW IDEAL will gradually clear itself from all uncongenial elements that are simply destructive, and will vindicate its real purpose. It will be a shame to let the paper die. There are new questions that it promises to answer. An ideal cannot be attained in a year,—and this ideal transcends that of any mere Socialist paper on the one hand, and of any organ of free discussion on the other, where the object is free discussion only. Here, free discussion, however precious, is provisional entirely. The main purpose is affirmative, and affirmative of spiritual truth. Its vision is directed towards the future, which asks not that faith in unseen things be destroyed, but that it be reaffirmed and reconstructed, in accordance with science, humanity and reason. The *Open Court* has an errand; so has the *Twentieth Century*. But so also has THE NEW IDEAL, and its mission is not quite fulfilled by either of its brilliant contemporaries. The cause of the highest belief is still the cause that people hold dear. Socialism may satisfy them, but thus far Socialism is as indefinite as any theory that is professed by men.

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

Futures flash not into being,
Futures are results of Presents.
When the call of Duty beckons,
Brother, be not thou the laggard.
Justice waits thy strong endeavor.

THE WEDDED HOME.

FROM "THE NEW PANDORA."

How blest the wedded home where friendship reigns!
Its walls coherent are with light and warmth;
Within its depths dwell comfort, patience, love.
There hides no sin, nor aught contaminate.
Freedom of speech is welcomed there, and each
Is just to each. There order, neatness rules,
As meets the needs of all. No single one
Lays down the law that will coerce the rest.
'T is not too finely kept for daily use.
The noble souls that in it dwell, go forth
To their appointed task; and they return
With joyful hearts, as do the gods, to seek
Their sleeping-place, their many-chambered rest.
Thither, in sacred silence of the night,
The spirit of its dead may glad return
And o'er the sleeping one, with loving kiss
May bend, sure that the memory of no deed
Unworthy, no unfaithful thought can come
Between their souls to mar the perfect bliss
Of such serene communion. This, dear love!
This is the wedded home, thine own, and mine.

HARRIET H. ROBINSON.

INTELLECTUAL AND ETHICAL ASPECTS OF SOCIALISM.

I WISH to commence by noting a typographical blunder in the last line of my preceding article. It should read, "I am confident that Ability will under Socialism be *exalted* (not 'exacted') as it never was before." The social problem will to a great extent be solved, when competent men are in their right places and everybody is aware of the fact. The Socialist Republic will need and will find out the Able Man, and give him high place, though, I apprehend, not high pay.

We are, I am sure, on the threshold of great *moral* changes. Ethical principles are gliding from amongst us at this moment, while others with strange faces are growing familiar by the slowness of their approach. Shall we admit such facts, and act thereupon, or shall we shut our eyes to them? It is a question of the deepest social meaning. I think I am not exaggerating its importance when I say that the future fate of Society depends upon the way in which that question is solved. But, note that it is just as much an intellectual, as a moral question; indeed, the former precedes the latter. Our intellect governs, directs our feelings.

We have, however, at present, incorrect intellectual perception of our environment. The stimuli from our surroundings reach our feelings through our intellect, which absolutely distorts them, turns them topsy-turvy. We are precisely, now, in the predicament in which our forefathers were under the Ptolemaic system, when the earth was considered the center of the solar system; that is, *we* consider the individual the center, and not Society. I know of course, very well, that many of my readers — especially if they be Unitarians — will dissent decidedly from my view. Nevertheless, I am sure I am right; sure that those who contend that the individual man is the center are like one who should stop at the small reverse picture of a house on his retina, and refuse to see the real house. I am sure that evolution will take them in hand and *make* them see the facts of existence as they are; our people will be led into such palpable, disastrous contradictions that they will enjoy no peace of mind until they change their social relations to correspond with the facts. Let me pass in review a few of these "inverted" conceptions.

Take Prof. Sumner's book on "What Social Classes owe to each other";—that work from first to last turns social facts upside down. It is founded on this sentence: "The State is to me only All-of-us." "That is certainly the bedrock of truth," some will here interpose. Softly! simply by mentioning one word I contend I prove the sentence false. That word is Posterity. The duty of the State centers in

posterity far more than in "all-of-us," and the true definition of the State must even take in our ancestry.

But this reversal of the true relation of things is perhaps best seen in the spirit in which private enterprises are conducted. Take a druggist, and suggest to him the change, which Socialism proposes, of making him a public functionary. He will look aghast at such a radical change, as it appears to him. The fact is that he *is* now a public functionary, and he does not see it. He carries on his drug-store now just as he pleases, and evidently his only object is to make money. If he absents himself from the store, unmindful of the customers who want prescriptions filled, he thinks this concerns himself only. But, all the time, the fact is that he keeps that store because Society, or a portion of it, needs it; that he all the time has been fulfilling a social function, and that he is responsible to Society for the way he fulfills it. And as with him, so with the butcher and baker: they are where they are because Society requires their services, and they would not be there if it did not.

It has been pretty well understood that transportation companies are at least *quasi*-public functionaries; but note how little this affects them. Passengers by boat between New York and Boston have to pay, during the summer months,—when clearly the service costs less on account of the large travel,—$1.00 more than during the rest of the year. The company thus, instead of performing its function,—which is to serve the public as safely and cheaply as can be done,—fleeces it. This is an outrage for which the managers would be put into the pillory by a sound public opinion.

Take the great manufacturing companies, and they partake increasingly less of the nature of private business; that is to say, they are not "owned" in any true sense, but the shareholders and bondholders live ignorant even of the nature of their possessions, and leave directors and managers to screw down their workmen, satisfied as long as they provide the usual dividends. It will be Society's business in the future to winnow the false from the true "ownership." It will ask: Have you any human relation to your "property" at all? Do you come together at your meetings to consider how best to administer your business for the public good, how to turn out the most useful and genuine articles, how to compass the welfare of the men engaged with you? If not, you are doing nothing and worse than nothing; you are using your legal power to aggrandize yourselves, at the cost of others; you are preventing others from using the power better, you are by just so much strangling the natural life of the people.—Begone!

Now note the disastrous effects of looking at social affairs as private business. On the one hand millions, pressed down by unremitting toil; on the other, thousands pining in inactivity. Here, men worn prematurely gray by anxiety; there, others prematurely wilted by debaucheries, indulged in in order to relieve the tedium of days too free from anxiety. Minds uselessly strained by responsibilities too many for them, and minds cruelly compressed into duties far too narrow. Energies that can find no employment, and work that remains undone for lack of adequate energies. Mankind slaving like a spider which spins eternally from its own bowels, yet starving in hideous misery in the midst of the riches its labors have created; and successful employers, unwieldly and fat, unable to enjoy their fleecings. Is not this a true picture? What a waste of energies!

And consider Competition, and what a nightmare that is to people! How false the picture of it that now fills the minds of many,—and equally false the picture of its absence in a Socialist Republic. That which, as a matter of fact, now—not a hundred years ago, but *now*—is a dark, bitter, destructive, desolating civil war, more cruel and keen than that decided by bullets from a barricade; a war in which, often, even the family furniture is pawned, and famine besieges the home;—a fight over the wealth produced by joint exertions,—is said by wise ones to be "what gravitation is in the mechanism of the heavens"! This "struggle for existence" is called, by Herbert Spencer, "the most universal and comprehensive generalization," when, as applied to man, it is nothing else than a disastrous falsehood. It reigns properly in the animal world and among savages, but becomes among civilized man a struggle against nature, harmony and unity among men, in order unitedly to compel "disobedient cotton to cover bare backs."

This theory of competition, struggle for existence in civilization, logically ends in atheistic Anarchism. But here especially will the growing contradictions at last open the eyes of men. For, as Socialists foretold long ago, Competition necessarily results in monopolies, and these at last become so crushing that people refuse to bear them.

This whole change in intellectual views will radically change our ethical conceptions. We shall come to see that a man has not a right to use his "property" in any way he pleases; that he has no right to conduct "his own" business without reference to the welfare of his workmen, who really are his business-partners; that the wage-system is an immoral relation; that our present economic system is positively Satanic, since it drives every one of us to act wrongly (to use a mild word) in all relations of life, and even compels business men who wish to be honest to follow in the footsteps of unprincipled knaves in their trade.

Indeed, the wage-system furnishes an admirable object-lesson to study the changes evolution has wrought in our moral ideas. Fifty years ago the workmen themselves and their best friends had not the least notion that the wage-system was wrong. Now, men of all classes, who have sound hearts, acknowledge that it is essential slavery. Read the noble pastoral of the bishops of the Episcopal church, published at the close of their late convention, in which they brand, as it deserves, the principle of the system which makes labor a *ware*, and compels citizens to hire their bodies and souls out for ten hours out of every twenty-four to others, as means to those others' ends. It needs the most exalted natures under the highest civilization to think of treating such laborers as men. Those citizens will naturally be looked upon as an inferior order, fit only for servile labor.

And what a dangerous social power wealth has become! All secular power has Money-bags; even spiritual power he uses for his own ends. At the same time, he despises the spiritual, as it has not the sense to make money; he hires it as soldiers of fortune formerly were hired. It is not that Dives' purple and fine linen causes Lazarus to be in rags. That is not the truth now, under our present system. The reverse, rather, is the truth of the modern rich man. What makes him a dangerous social growth is that, by controlling the heaps of wealth of which many need a share, he exercises a double pressure on the needy who can serve him either with hand or heart—by picking out from among them the favored ones and dictating his own terms. Note that it is by *distributing* his money that he gets his dangerous power,—much disproportionate to the importance of the social function he performs. He parts with his cheque and he gets all sorts of nice things: adulation, professional skill, complimentary paragraphs in newspapers and periodicals, the disposal of places, the disbursement of public money. "He spends, and subdues one half of the world in spending; he can hardly help saving, and his accumulations increase like the rolling mass of snow, without effort."

All things human have an ideal, a soul, in them, and so has this Satanic system of ours. We must dethrone that soul, that brute-god, Mammon, and put a spirit-god in his place. That new soul is Socialism.

Instead of tempting all men wrongly, a Socialist *regime* will tempt all men rightly. It will make it man's *interest* to be honest; and just as surely as a stone falls to the ground, they will all become honest. As soon as the butcher is assured of his living, during his whole life-time — not as a *quid pro quo*, but as the means Society furnishes him with in order to enable him to carry on his functions; and as soon as he, in his various relations as a *consumer*, has his interests considered, he will, in his character of butcher, as *producer*, consider his function as the most important consideration, and furnish his customers with good meat at fair prices. That is to say, we shall, in our industrial relations, our most important social relations, all become *straight* men, men of integrity. Look at the pettiness of isolated private business; and then consider what a dignity it will confer on one to become a public functionary, conscientiously contributing, in his smallest acts, to Society's welfare!

The time was when "all England awoke every morning, and went to its daily work with a prayer." Everything depends on the thought and the feeling with which the work is regarded by the workman. None asks now — or can ask, as long as the system lasts — in a private business, whether the work is wanted by or useful to Society, or is a means of healthy life to him who undertakes it, or whether it is *honest*, and carried on without serious defilement, or even whether he likes it; but always, *Does it pay?* And mark! it is comfortable people who always ask this professional question,— which defines their characteristics as a class. If it does not give so and so many "per cent.," it is dropped. Yet, it is evident it would pay better with but one per cent., and a happy life, with helpers (not "hands") contented, children growing up under decent and healthy conditions, and with genuine and useful goods produced, than with ten per cent. profit and overworked, sad faces around us, and dirty, deceptive stuff thrown into the market.

Selfish individual*ism* — a different thing, entirely, from true individu*ality* — never yet worked out a beautiful, blessed and happy life. The empire of Satan — in spite of the undeniable progress which it has, under Providence (as I firmly believe) effected — is a low, brute thing, and not even the most involved sentences of Herbert Spencer can make it anything else. When we once come into Socialism, if any one should afterwards propose to get back to the present competitive system, or to Spencer's "ideal State," he will be laughed and wondered at as a fool.

LAURENCE GRONLUND.

THE RESPONSE.

WE have room for but a few of the hundreds of letters that have come to us in answer to the editorial statement in the November paper,—"For the Cause." That we print no more than these, our readers must charge to the fact that, if we printed all, an entire edition of the paper would be necessary to contain them. On the paper's future we comment briefly on the first editorial page. On the front cover will also be found a few other extracts from letters.

[If some of the extracts which follow — chosen from a large number — seem quite "private," it must be borne in mind that it is "the Cause" which calls them forth. They may be read without thought of the editor.]

[From WM. J. POTTER, New Bedford, Mass.]

"I have just read your statement, 'For the Cause,' in THE NEW IDEAL, and I want to express my unqualified approval of it. You have done a difficult and painful task well. You have spoken plainly and yet with dignity. I have a good hope that the article will save the paper to you, and to the Cause, which you value more. . . . It will indeed be discouraging if the earnest Liberalism of the country does not fully respond to your appeal."

[From FEODOR BOAS, Montreal, Canada.]

"I hasten to say to you that your manly and plain-spoken words meet with my entire approval, as does the tone and editorial policy of the paper. As you call it correctly, the paper is a Reform Journal, and its missionary work cannot be valued too highly. I assure you that your noble effort for the cause has won for you my sincere sympathy and my highest esteem. The noble offer of your Australian sympathizer ought to meet with a ready response, and you should, before the close of the month, be in receipt of the full number of subscribers for twenty-five dollars each. Two I will gladly furnish. . . . But whether or not you succeed in raising this fund, I sincerely trust that you will not allow the paper to discontinue. I will gladly make an annual subscription of twenty-five dollars, as long as the paper is not self-supporting. I shall be happy to learn from you, in the course of the month, that the friends of true Liberalism are responding to your call heartily. I am sure they will not spare any effort that may be necessary to help the Cause. . . . Honor to whom honor is due; but let the highest honor be to him who will fight most nobly and consistently for the well-being and happiness of humanity,— for the elevation and ennobling of the human race."

[From Hon. A. G. HILL, Northampton, Mass.]

"I enclose check. I cannot quite adopt all new modern ideas, but I believe in having all great questions squarely presented, and I desire to thank you for your unselfish work for humanity. Good only can come from the earnest work of an honest man."

[From WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Boston.]

"I shall be glad to contribute $— for THE NEW IDEAL the coming year."

[From FRANCIS E. ABBOT, Ph.D., Cambridge, Mass.]

"I hope that your appeal will succeed."

[From W. M. SALTER, Chicago, Ill.]

"I cannot believe you will have to give up. Such an event would be a distinct loss to the cause of progress. The breadth of THE NEW IDEAL is admirable."

[Items from letters, the names of the writers of which we do not feel at liberty to print]: —

"This is all I find myself able to do at present. Yet I do most devoutly hope that such an able and necessary publication will not be suffered to die. I am wholly with you in thought and aim. Mr. Lyche expresses my ideas precisely, in the November number. I am an old subscriber to the *Index*, and to the *Radical*, and feel it of the greatest importance that the New Thought should be persistently taught."

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BOOK REVIEWS.

Camden's Compliment to Walt Whitman, May 31, 1889. Notes, Addresses, Letters, Telegrams. With portrait frontispiece. Edited by Horace L. Traubel. Philadelphia: David McKay, Publisher. Pages, 74. Price, 50 cents.

It was good to take part in the rendering of such a testimonial as this. It was good to be the honored recipient of such a testimonial. To such as could not take active part, it is good now to be able to have in permanent form these appreciative, just words and messages, commemorating the attainment of seventy years by one whose claim to world-honor and regard is as great as this good gray poet's is. "Over sea, over land," came the messages of love, and from beyond the sea. And it is indeed a highly gratifying thing to those few who for long have had souls to appreciate the real spirituality of this genuine man, to know that, before he has hopefully lain down, it is at last, after many years of misunderstanding, coming to be fully recognized that this *is* a genuine man, and that his chantings are *of* the spiritual, not of the supposed fleshly. Slow to see, O world! and base thyself to judge of base. But fast to recognize at last, O world, and to do honor and penance, when ye *do* see! So be it ever — if ye never shall see quickly. But saying no more of the addresses and letters here, let every home in the land have this admirable *portrait* of Whitman somewhere within its walls, for children to look at and love, and grow into the likeness of. "Old Homer nods," said Clifford, at the dinner; "but does our poet look a nodder? Gaze, and in that Morse head of his see if there be not rather the countenance of an elder god, with eyes that look straight on and never wink."

The New Pandora. A Drama. By Harriet H. Robinson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1889. Pages, 151. $1.00.

Any poem which presents pictures such as the one quoted on another page of this issue, — "The Wedded Home," — clearly has excuse for being, and a right to live. And it is no "school-girl's poem," this, — no great attempt at a great thing on small life experience and with little literary skill. It is a voice speaking out of a woman's rich, rounded life, — a life that has known joy and sorrow, sweet and bitter, gain and loss, work and rest; a life beginning its tried, fine thought and expression in the days when the Lowell Mills were famed for their youthful literary workers — Mrs. Robinson was one of that group of young, notable working-girl writers who drew out Dickens' famous chapter of praise; a life which, in its later years, with pen and in private, has been prominent in many schemes for the bringing in of greater justice and opportunity to woman, in all departments of life. It is in this latter field, largely, that the present poem will have power. The old Pandora, — the Pandora of classic myth, — under the clear sight and touch of Mrs. Robinson, becomes transformed. No longer the crude early thought: through woman the ills of life from a magic box; but the later, world-realized experience: through woman the refinements and tenderness and joy of life.

"The ills are naught. The good that thou hast brought
Outweighs them all a thousand times. . . . These ills
Have made me man."

The Kingdom of the Unselfish, or Empire of the Wise. By John Lord Peck. New York: Empire Book Bureau, 1889. Pages, 486. $1.50.

The title of this book — perhaps without permanent good reason, but from its sentimental, over-strained nature — is at first a little repellant. And the author's unbounded confidence in the volume's efficacy is at first amusing. In his preface he says: "The existing stage of evolution demands something not yet possessed," and this book is "evolved to supply that demand. It may not prove well suited to the present state of opinion. In that case it will be better adapted to a later one, and if not read in this century may be in the next." Again he writes: "The work undertaken needed to be done; there was no one else to do it." But all this, as we get well into the book, comes to be recognized as only the unconscious egotism of a great desire. The book is from a widely-read man, free-religious in thought, a thinker, a student of books and of human nature, a great hoper, and is written for a high end — the highest end a lover of his kind could have. At first hesitant about it all, as we get more and more into the book and its intent we are content to forget that certain things in it are so novel as to grate on our thought and sensibilities, and read it for the real profit in it, rejoicing that in many ways, and in many quarters, it will be of large service. It hates all oppression, all trickery, all sham. In social thought it is Nationalistic, inasmuch as it opposes with severe and forceful sarcasm "the black side of competitive industry, the fiendishness hidden in its purely selfish doctrine and policy." In individual and family life it points the way to strength and purity now seldom known. In its intellectual and "spiritual" aspects it is educative and stimulating. If the book was one-third as big, and got at its thought quicker, it would have more *chance* of being "read in this century," and so of accomplishing its work quicker. As it is, to busy people, the author's suggestive looking forward to an additional hundred years for its perusal will seem not wholly without reason. At the same time it is all interesting, all "readable," and one wishes he *might* have time for it; — maybe he will conclude that he must make time for it. Whatever vagaries it has, in various directions, and whatever curiosities of thought it presents, — as, for instance, concerning a possible physical immortality, — the book will certainly help to bring in the Commonwealth of the author's desire, — "the manhood and womanhood of the *race*."

NOTES.

A ONE THOUSAND DOLLAR PRIZE MANUAL.

The American Secular Union, a voluntary association having for its object the complete separation of Church and State, in practice as well as in profession, and in no way committed to any system of religious belief or disbelief, acting herein by its President, Richard B. Westbrook, A. M., L.L.D., as its special trustee and attorney-in-fact, hereby offers a premium of One Thousand Dollars ($1000), lawful money of the United States, for the best essay, treatise, or manual adapted to aid and assist teachers in our *free public schools* and in the *Girard College* for orphans, and other public and charitable institutions professing to be unsectarian, to thoroughly instruct children and youth in the *purest principles of morality* without inculcating *religious doctrines*, thus recognizing the *legal right* under our *Federal Constitution* of all our citizens, Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants, Liberals and Agnostics, and all other classes, whether believers or disbelievers, to have their children instructed in all the branches of a common secular education in our *State* schools, without having their tender minds *biased* for or against any sect or party whatever.

It is desired that the manual for which this premium is offered shall not be a *reading* book for schools nor a mere *code* of morals, much less a *system* of ethical philosophy, but rather a concise yet comprehensive and suggestive exhibit, with familiar and practical illustrations of those universal foundation principles and axiomatic truths which underlie all sound morality and *rightfulness*, thus developing and educating that inherent *moral sense* which is more or less common to all rational human beings. In short, to show how to teach children the *natural* and *essential* difference between right and wrong, and the reasons therefor, without reference to sacerdotal creeds and sectarian dogmas, is the chief object to be kept in mind in writing for this premium; as it is the unquestionable right of every tax-payer and citizen of this free republic to have his children educated in our common schools without having their minds prejudiced on those disputed subjects which may safely be intrusted to the family, the churches, and the Sunday-schools, where they properly belong.

While each writer will be expected to confine himself or herself to the main object of this offer, the widest practical freedom in the form and range of treatment will be allowed, but all prejudice and partisanship regarding current controversies should be scrupulously avoided.

The manual should not contain less than 60,000 words, nor more than 100,000, though these limits will not be insisted upon in a work of special merit.

The papers should all be submitted by April 1, 1890, though more time will be granted if necessary; but the committee will be ready to receive manuscripts by the 1st day of January, 1890.

Each manuscript should be in type-writing, or at least should be very legibly written to insure a careful reading, and should have a special mark or designation, and the name and post-office address of the author should be sent at the same time in a sealed envelope, not to be opened until after the award is made, bearing the same mark, and both addressed to R. B. Westbrook, No. 1707 Oxford St., Philadelphia, Pa., post or express prepaid. Unaccepted manuscripts will be returned to the writers at their own expense, and the accepted manuscript shall become the exclusive property of the Union, to be held *in trust* by the trustee herein named, and the premium of $1000 will be promptly paid, without discount, when the copyright is thus secured. The money is now on deposit, *in trust*, with the Guarantee Trust and Safe Deposit Company in Philadelphia, for the object contemplated.

A representative and impartial committee shall in due time be carefully selected by the subscribers to this fund or a majority of them, to act as judges of the manuscripts submitted and to award the prize. The trustee herein named shall be a member and the chairman of said committee, whether he continues in the presidency of the American Secular Union or not.

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